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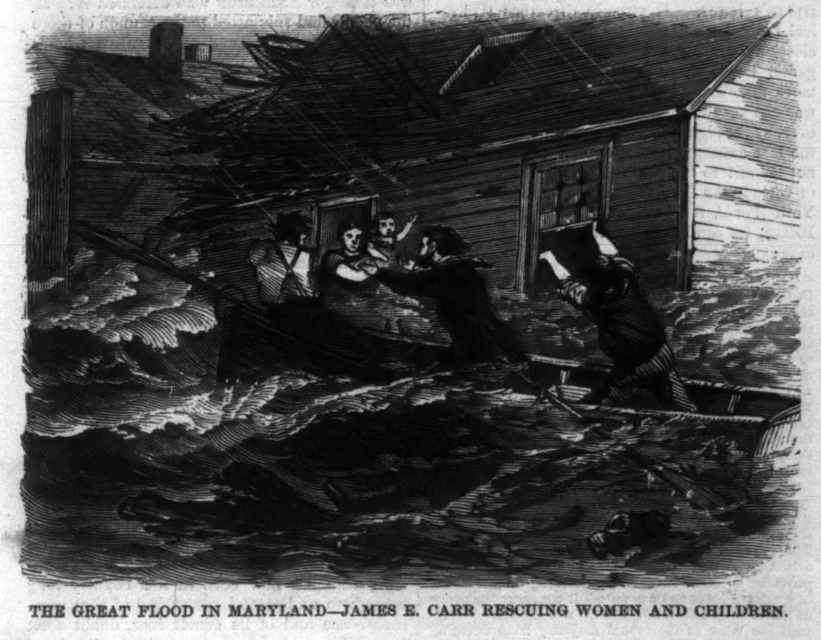
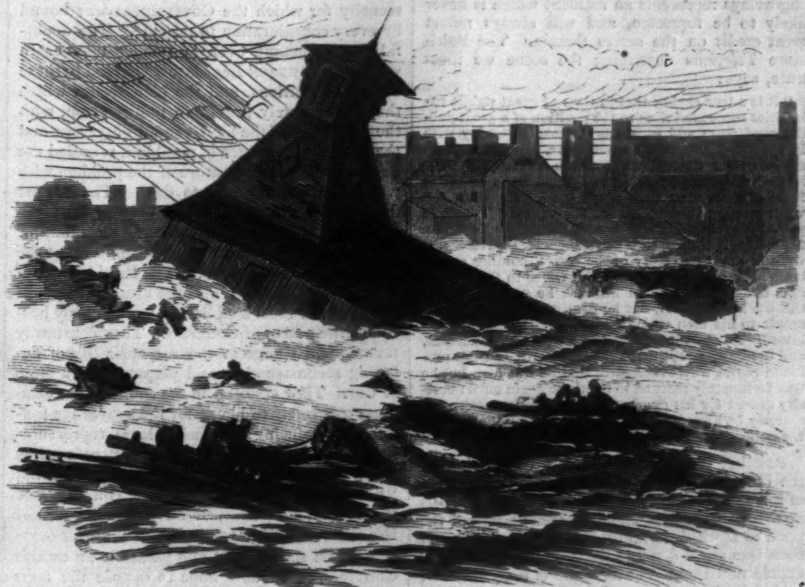


THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—JAMES E. CARR RESCUING WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

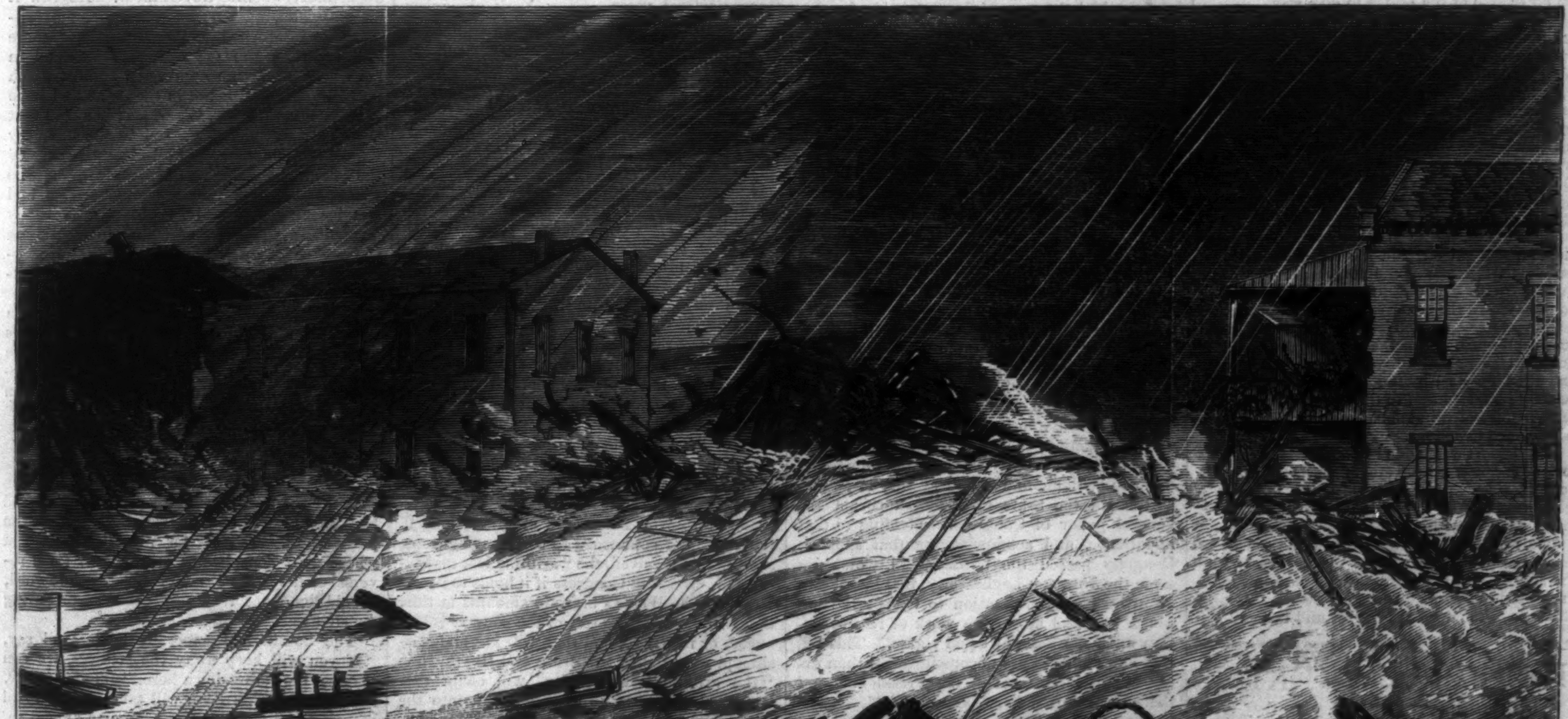


THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—DESTRUCTION OF THE LARRABEE IRON-FOUNDRY.

THE MARYLAND FLOOD.

The sudden rise in the Patapsco, Lehigh, Jordan, and other streams of Maryland and Pennsylvania, which have their rise on the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains, has caused immense damage to property in various parts of the country, and sad and serious loss of life in Baltimore and Ellicott City. Our illustrations on this page and on page 500 were sketched on the spot by our artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and may be relied upon as accurate and complete.

The reason of this sudden flooding of the streams has been attributed to the overflowing of a lake near Baltimore and various other equally unsatisfactory causes; but as simultaneous floods occurred at various places along the Atlantic slope of the Alleghanies, it is doubtless to be attributed wholly to the heavy fall of rain which began on the morning of July 24 and lasted until one o'clock of the same day. The singular part of the affair and the most difficult to explain is the rapidity with which the streams rose. The Patapsco River at Ellicott City and Jones's Falls, which runs through Baltimore city, rose at the rate of five feet in ten minutes! The water came down those streams like a great continuous wave on the sea-shore. The river at Ellicott City rose ten feet before a drop of rain had fallen there, and was at one time forty feet high! In Baltimore the rise was so rapid that a gentleman en-



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—DESTRUCTION OF THE FAYETTE STREET BRIDGE, BALTIMORE.—[Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.]

tering a cigar store in a dry street returned with his lighted cigar to find himself knee-deep in a rapidly rushing stream. A passenger car, while crossing a street, was caught by the flood which had just commenced to pour through it, and with its passengers swept for several blocks toward the river. The market-men were caught at their work, and only had time to get on their benches and stalls for safety, and these were washed away with their occupants. So rapid was this rise, and so wild and furious the rushing torrent, that the lives of many persons were jeopardized, and several were lost. Had it occurred at night, as in the great flood of 1837, the loss of life could not but have been immense. Cradles with their freight of infantile humanity were washed out of the houses and carried down stream. The streets were undermined, and in one instance a wagon-load of persons—fifteen in number—were swallowed up in a hole, and soon found themselves struggling in water up to their waists. Bridges were carried away so suddenly that the passers could not get away. Most of the bridges connecting East and West Baltimore were totally destroyed.

Our illustrations will give an idea of the ravages of the flood at its greatest fury. One of our engravings represents an incident which is never likely to be forgotten, and will always reflect great credit on the actors therein. The Baltimore *Telegram* describing the scene we illustrate, says:

> "It is a true saying that in time of great public calamities some man rises to the position of a great public benefactor; and such was the case yesterday with Police Commissioner James E. Carr. He at first sight apprehended the character of the calamity, and he immediately sent for boats and organized a sufficient force of policemen to manage them. He soon had work enough to do. He led the van in his boat in places of great peril, and rescued women and children from death. Two parties he rescued from Davis Street were in the upper story of the house, holding each a child above their head, with the water to their necks and fast increasing. In his task he was frequently thrown in the water, but he continued setting an example to his men which they all most willingly followed. At one time he was swept off by the current, and the news swept throughout the city, causing profound regret wherever heard, that he was lost, but he was fortunately rescued to continue again until necessity ceased for his good work. Too much praise can scarcely be awarded to the Police Commissioners and the police for the manner in which they labored."

Another illustration shows the destruction of the Larrabee Iron-Works. A house to the north of it was first swept away, which gave to the falls at this point a new channel, and permitted the flood to mark the foundry for its special prey. It soon brought it down to the ground, and its lofty cupola now inclines at an angle of sixty degrees.

A third illustration, on the first page, is of the destruction of the Fayette Street Bridge, Baltimore. Several bridges had given way above this street, and with an immense amount of accumulated drift-wood dashed with full fury against the Fayette Street Bridge. For a long time this edifice resisted the attacks of the waves; but at last, as if lifted by some mighty hands, the bridge tumbled into the vast abyss without leaving a trace behind. The waters took the immense iron fragments as if they had been feathers, and, after toying with them a while, threw them with great force upon Baltimore Street Bridge. This caused the north side of the bridge to give way.

The loss of life and property at Ellicott City was even greater than at Baltimore. Our illustration on page 500 is of the scene presented at the Patapsco Mills at the height of the flood. Near these mills—one of which was carried from its foundations, and the other materially damaged—were a row of large stone-houses. The occupants were frequently warned of the dangerous appearance of the freshet, but, trusting to their former experience, they chose to remain yet a little longer, thinking there would be time to escape when the worst came. Within a few minutes the flood rose so rapidly that all communication was cut off, and the current rushed so swiftly that it was found impossible to render them any aid. At this time the water had only reached above the lower story of the houses, and no danger was apprehended if the occupants could reach the roofs. This they at once proceeded to do; but the water still rose higher and higher, and sped on its frightful course with immense velocity; and, to add to the terrors of the hour, huge masses of drift rubbish came rushing upon the doomed dwellings.

Every effort was made by the horrified citizens to rescue those who were in peril, and quite a number were saved; but, owing to the speedy work made by the flood in its fearful velocity, many perished within a dozen yards of the shore.

The whole of the lower part of the town was flooded, goods were washed out of stores into the streets, and furniture out of house, all lying in tangled heaps, with here and there trees, logs, stones, and the débris of houses and bridges.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 8, 1868.

CONCLUSION OF "HARPER'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION."

THE concluding chapter of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion" contains a remarkably candid and admirable statement of the political situation since the war. The writer begins by acknowledging the difficulty of satisfactorily describing events in which we are actors; but he is evidently free from mere partisan feeling. He regards the question from the grounds of reason and the Constitution, and with a careful collation of all the facts, and his conclusions are therefore of very great value. They are not the less agreeable to us because they vindicate the general wisdom and necessity of the Congressional policy of restoration, while the writer distinctly shows the fatal blunder of the President's policy. Yet he has little confidence in what he calls the "splendid theories" of Mr. Sumner and Mr. Stevens. The necessary measures of reconstruction, he thinks, were evident from the first, excepting the general suffrage. That became an evident necessity at a later period. But if the principle of the Fourteenth Amendment had been accepted by the rebel States, reorganization might have been effected long before. He is rather disposed, therefore, to blame the tardy action of Congress; but it seems to us that he furnishes good reasons for the delay.

One of the most vital and controlling elements of the case was the actual disposition of the late rebels, and that could be determined only by experience. As the result has shown, it would have been a disastrous mistake to assume that acquiescence in emancipation, renunciation of the rebel debt and of the right of secession, would alone have been sufficient to insure the security for which the Government was bound by every consideration to provide. The doubtful and reluctant, even protesting manner in which the Johnson Legislatures agreed to these obvious conditions, and the black-codes which they immediately passed to nullify them, with the testimony of the most candid observers, and the general experience of mankind, revealed the delicate and perilous nature of the problem with which the country had to deal. The utmost deliberation was essential, not only for the preparation of judicious legislative measures, but for the education of the popular perception that the measures were judicious. The President, with the Democratic party, and the disaffected population of the recovered States, were bitterly hostile to the action of Congress. They constantly threw upon Congress the responsibility of delaying reconstruction and perpetuating a state of war. They asserted to the country that Congress was solely to blame for the oppressive taxation by refusing to receive loyal representatives. They insisted that Mr. Johnson's policy was a continuation of Mr. Lincoln's, and that "a Central Directory," a despotic committee of the House, had usurped all the power of the Government and paralyzed the country.

Against so insidious and plausible an assault Congress could only hope to oppose the facts of the situation, and they could only gradually be disclosed. The Fourteenth Amendment was therefore slowly matured. It required the civil equality of all citizens; the renunciation of the rebel debt; the security of the national debt; the disfranchisement of certain leaders, and without controlling the State regulation of suffrage, provided that no rebel State should gain political power by rebellion, by limiting the basis of representation in case of arbitrary exclusion by reason of color. This was not only fair, but it was evidently fair. The Government had the same right to provide for the national security by such conditions that it had to abolish slavery during the war. As the masterly report of the Reconstruction Committee on presenting the amendment declared, if all the political rights of rebellious States are fully restored the moment they lay down their arms rebellion is inevitable upon any political defeat, and the Government has no protection whatever.

This amendment was a test of the situation. If frankly accepted, reconstruction would rapidly proceed; if rejected, other measures or total inaction were imperative. The amendment was further, and this has not been sufficiently remarked, a final effort to harmonize the Executive and Congress. For if it were ratified it would be by the Legislatures which the President had assembled. It was, however, contemptuously rejected, and the alternative was imposed upon the country of waiting for better counsels at the South or of trying other measures. Inaction, however, was practically impossible. The country was impatient for something to be done, and it had by very large majorities in the State elections supported the general policy of Congress. Yielding to that impatience, and acknowledging that support, Congress passed the military bill which set aside the Johnson Legislatures, that had shown an invincible determination to oppose the national will, and began the work of reconstruction upon the basis of equal rights. This bill was in no other sense unconstitutional than every reconstructive act of the President's, and the Emancipation Proclamation itself. "The object of the war was to conquer peace, and after the war there remained the no less difficult work of securing the peace which had been conquered. Was the security of the contest any less important than the conquest itself?"

This is the general view which is presented with ample detail, and, as we think, with generally sound reasoning, in this admirable chapter. Our exceptions to the writer's view would be, as we have already indicated, that the delay which he deprecates was necessary in the very nature of the case; and we think he is hardly just to the "splendid theories" of the radical leaders which have, as he himself shows, been vindicated. They were theories founded in very just views of human nature and of historical experience, and the policy derived from them was conclusively defended by the same argument which the writer so justly employs in support of the military bill. This chapter has evidently been prepared with great care and conscience; and we can honestly say the same of the other political and military chapters of this copious and richly illustrated chronicle of the war. It presents a full gallery of portraits of all the conspicuous soldiers, sailors, and civilians; a comprehensive and valuable series of maps and plans; with accurate and most interesting illustrations of all the famous scenes, objects, and battles of the war. We can not hesitate to commend it as the most desirable contemporary illustrated history of the rebellion which has appeared, or is likely to appear.

"THE PHYSICAL FORCE" PROGRAMME.

The Democratic party enters upon the campaign with all the reckless braggadocio of Blair's letter. It already threatens "physical force," and evidently hopes to carry the election by noisy bullying. It has tried that game, however, once before, in 1860, under more favorable circumstances, and its success was not very encouraging. Emboldened, however, by the signs of a reaction in the elections of the last autumn, it now announces that it will not submit to the law regulating the counting of votes in the Presidential election. The New York *World*, feebly emulating the tone of Mr. Blair, its candidate for the Vice-Presidency, says:

> "It is proper that the usurping demagogues in the Federal Capitol should be warned in time against proceeding to such extremities that forbearance would cease to be a virtue. The actual majority of the citizens of the United States must have a fair opportunity to decide who shall govern the country. If the will of the majority is defeated by political knavery, they will have power (*being* a majority) to redress the wrong; and Congress mistakes the temper of American freemen if it supposes that they will not have also the *will*. If we are fairly beaten after an honest election, we understand and shall practice the proper virtue of a minority—submission. But we shall not tamely submit to be cheated. If the Republican party administer the Government for the next four years, it must be in virtue of an actual majority, not a fictitious majority obtained by proscription and exclusion. The physical power of the country resides with the arithmetical majority; and as the Constitution has provided no other tribunal for deciding on the claim of electoral votes to be counted, it concerns the peace of the country that Congress do not interfere to prevent the voice of the actual majority from deciding who shall be President."

Now the actual majority of the voters do not decide a Presidential election. If one hundred and fifty-nine electors are necessary to a choice, they may have received in each State in which they are chosen only one hundred majority, and the minority majorities ranging from two to a hundred thousand. Pennsylvania and New Jersey have together thirty-three electoral votes. New York alone has thirty-three. The electoral vote of New York may be determined by fifty majority, but in opposition it neutralizes that of Pennsylvania and New Jersey combined, which may be determined by fifty thousand majority. It is not the actual majority of citizens that decides: it is the majority of the electors chosen in the States who elect the President.

The *World* says that the Republican majority must not be obtained by proscription and exclusion. This, if it is any thing more than bombastic nonsense, means that certain ex-rebels are proscribed and certain States excluded: and therefore that if the vote of any person now disabled in the State of South Carolina shall be refused, or a vote assuming to be that of the State of Mississippi, if Mississippi has not complied with the law, shall not be received, the "arithmetical majority" will "redress the wrong"—in other words, revolt in arms. It announces that there is no tribunal but the "arithmetical majority" to decide the claim of electoral votes to be counted.

Of course as Congress, in pursuance of the general principle of reconstruction, has decided that the vote of Texas and of Mississippi, if they have not conformed to certain conditions, shall not be received, the "arithmetical majority" will settle with Congress if it holds to its decision. The *World's* bravado amounts to this, that if the vote of the rest of the country is balanced, or nearly so, and that if Texas and Mississippi would elect Seymour and Blair, then "the arithmetical majority" will count that vote, and carry Seymour and Blair into the White House, as Wade Hampton recommends, at the point of the bayonet. And such is the patriotism and profound regard for the Constitution, of Wade Hampton and Robert Toombs, and other similar devotees of the Democratic party, that if those votes would elect Grant and Colfax they would of course insist upon marshaling them also in the same manner to the Executive mansion.

The Southern Democratic leaders—Wade Hampton, Robert Toombs, Howell Cobb, Raphael Semmes, and the rest, who are conducting the Democratic campaign in the Southern States—would like nothing better than to see the country again in arms. They have nothing to lose by it, and revenge is sweet.

THE DEBT AND ITS AUTHORS.

The Democratic papers and orators are very fond of emphasizing the fact that the United States have a great debt, and that the people are heavily taxed. They declare that when the Democratic party controlled the Government the public expenses were infinitely smaller and the taxes were practically imperceptible.

Very well; granting that the debt is large and that the taxes are heavy, why do they not continue and tell us why they are so? For the same reason that the criminal prefers not to plead guilty. The debt is large and the taxes are heavy because the Democratic party, when it was constitutionally removed from power, rose in rebellion at the South, remained as a party hostile at the North, and compelled the Government to fight desperately for its existence. An enormous war makes an enormous debt. Those who caused the war create the debt. Who began the war? Was it Jefferson Davis, Wade Hampton, Robert Toombs, Raphael Semmes, and the other Southern Democratic leaders who fired upon Fort Sumter, or was it Major Anderson who defended it? If the people had submitted to the cannon of those Democratic patriots and conservative friends of the Constitution there would have been no debt and no taxation to-day—and no country. The rebellion was plotted in a Democratic Cabinet and Senate. The debt is the price of the salvation of the country from the rebellion of Democrats. If the Democrats had acquiesced in the constitutional result of an election in which they took part there would have been no war, no debt, no increased taxation. The debt is a Democratic debt, and the taxes are sharp hints of a foiled conspiracy of Democrats against the Government.

And what is the remedy for this increased taxation which the Democratic platform proposes? Swindling. First the Democratic leaders take the money from our purses, and then the honor from our name. As we have achieved a material victory in the war, they are trying to prepare for us a moral defeat in refusing to pay the expenses of the war. And this, which is the purpose of those whose haughty hearts still swell in the hatred of the Union, and who disdain the Government when they do not control it, is to be submitted, in the words of Mr. Richard O'Gorman, to "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people." Does Mr. O'Gorman, who has now been in this country long enough to understand something of that common-sense and of its conclusions, doubt what its verdict will be upon a proposition of national infamy? Does he suppose that a people whom the rebels could not conquer they can dishonor?

Mr. O'Gorman came from a country in which a part of the population was oppressed. He landed in a country where a part of the population was enslaved. He saw that slavery panoplied in every kind of sophistry and interest and tradition. He saw it in possession of every department of the Government. He saw it haughty, defiant, desperate. He saw it apparently intrenched a thousand times more securely than the oppression of England in his own country, an oppression against which he had ventured his life in the name and hope of Irish liberty. Mr. O'Gorman has seen that slavery triply mailed pierced to the heart by "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people." Joined to the slave lords, who are now defeated rebels, against a just and equal Government, Mr. O'Gorman is busily engaged in the work of trying to resuscitate the corpse of an infamous tyranny. He appeals to "the calm, quiet, thoughtful common-sense of the people."

That common-sense has already doomed him and his confederates to the same fate. Enemies of the national life and the national honor, the common-sense that baffled their attempt at secession will defeat their effort at repudiation and revolution.

THE RECESS OF CONGRESS.

That the cry of a running pickpocket should be "Stop thief!" is not surprising, nor that the party whose candidate for Vice-President and whose most conspicuous orators call for a reversal of the Reconstruction Acts by the sword, should denounce their opponents as preparing for civil war.

The Southern Democratic leaders all say, "If you will keep away the soldiers, we can manage the voting down here." That is to say, that the Ku-Klux Klan will take care of loyal men if there is no national force to appeal to. It is the hope of the late rebels to organize such a system of terror in the newly restored States that they can easily control the vote. Wade Hampton and his friends have arms: they are the owners of the land; they are the employers of laborers; they are intensely hostile to the Union and to Union men; their spirit was plainly shown in the black-codes passed three years ago and in their speeches of to-day, and there is no doubt of the mischief they mean, or of the mischief they might do. The Union men, especially the new citizens, are, by their dependence as laborers, by their general want of land, by their long habit of subservience, and by being unarmed, peculiarly at the mercy of men like Hampton, Toombs, Cobb, and the other Democratic chiefs.

The Governors of the restored States, apprehending trouble, would, under the Constitution, call upon the President for aid. But they know that they would call in vain. The President has declared that he does not acknowledge them, and his sympathies are known to be with the disaffected class. Congress, therefore, considers what should be done to protect loyal citizens from the Ku-Klux Klan and a conniving Executive, and thereupon the party organs, which delight in Blair's letter, which consider Toombs and Hampton eminent defenders of the Constitution, and contemplate their purposes against loyal citizens with perfect equanimity, cry out that Congress is preparing civil war. When Horatio Seymour can persuade the American people that he was as patriotic as Grant, then the late rebel Generals may hope to convince the country that it is Grant and his friends, and not they who wish for civil disturbance.

Congress is under the most solemn obligation to take care that the loyal men of the Southern States, and especially the new citizens, are protected in voting. It is not excusable for dealing with the subject except according to its knowledge of the situation. It is certainly not bound to deliver loyal men into the hands of their bitter enemies because the President will not help them. In the present excited state of feeling in the disturbed States, a feeling unspeakably inflamed by the declaration of the Democratic purpose of overthrowing the whole system of reconstruction, the abnormal situation must be constantly remembered. With a President in harmony with Congress there would be no apprehension. But with the present dull and dogged Executive the worst must be assumed. The experience of three years should have taught all loyal men, who with General Grant desire peace upon a secure foundation, that the President can no more be trusted than Charles I. He must be always suspected and watched. It would, therefore, have been an inexplicable mistake if Congress had insisted upon adjourning until December. It has done wisely in taking a recess. Undoubtedly, within the two months of the recess, the President will take some surprising step intended for mischief. Indeed, as we contemplate the official career of this man, whom the truest Union men did not wish to nominate for Vice-President four years ago, there is profound satisfaction in reflecting upon the character and career of Schuyler Colfax, whom, taught by terrible experience, the same men have now nominated for the same position with all its possibilities. Grant's quiet tenacity is like Lincoln's; and Colfax will betray the principles of his party when Grant betrays his flag.

DROUGHT IN PARTS OF EUROPE.

A drought unparalleled since 1798 was, at our latest advices by steamer, prevailing in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of a character so general and severe as to cause very gloomy apprehensions. In parts of France, Spain, and Germany the want of sufficient rain is complained of, but it had not reached the proportions of a serious drought. The want of rain is attributed to the prevalence of polar rather than of equatorial influences, by which the atmosphere of a rainless region has been distributed over England for a period of unusual duration. Whatever may be the cause, its effects on production, and the wants which may be supplied by food from more fortunate regions, will no doubt be carefully considered. The wheat harvest of England is being gathered in better order, so it is stated, than usual; but there is a great falling off in the crop of oats, barley, and hay, and, what is more important, the root crop, except what was planted early, and the pastures are nearly dried up. Its first effects upon our market were shown in the considerable demand a few weeks since for cheese and butter, and in the advance in the price of Indian corn. The supposed extensive crop of wheat harvested and being harvested in England has prevented any rise there in the price of wheat; but wheat came very slowly upon their local markets, and it will doubtless be found that the grain is very much shrunk. Our wheat is obtained by the English at all seasons for the purpose of being mixed with theirs, as by the union better bread is the result; but whatever may be the extent of their crop of wheat an unusual amount will be required to supply the loss of other crops.

The quantity of land depastured in a country so diversified with hill and dale as England is greater than the quantity under plow, and, when the pasturage fails, whatever crop may be in excess of the usual production is called upon to supply this want, and that, also, of the crops which suffer from the same cause. "Nationally, in the longest sense" (says the *Economist*, in a late Number), "*nothing*, it is said, *matters but the wheat crop*, and though the saying is exaggerated the essence is true: Give us cheap bread for man, and the price of food for other animals matters but very little." To this it may be safely answered, that when the other harvests all fail cheap bread is an impossibility.

A drought is one of the most serious calamities that can be visited upon a people; and although only about three-tenths of the English population are agriculturists, and the full amount of articles of food produced there falls far short of the total consumed, yet it will be found that the effects of the drought—the English not being accustomed to it—are not accurately understood by those who urge that it may be compensated for in an unusual wheat crop.

Strabo remarks of the climate of England "that the sun generally shines only for a few hours, and that in the morning and evening it is hid in clouds or fogs." The freshness and peculiar lustre which vegetation almost universally exhibits except in winter, are due not so much to heavy as to drizzling rains, and to frequent dews and fogs; but this season the English can boast of the brightness of an Italian sky. As the matter possesses unusual interest, we select some statements from our English files to show the duration and extent of this visitation.

Wales.—"The farmers in the Welsh valleys are suffering severely, there being nothing for cattle to eat. The grass is literally burned up, and on being felt by the hand crumbles into dust just like dried herbs. To make matters worse, there is no dew, the land being as perfectly dry at early morn as at noonday. The farmers on the hill-sides are still worse off, as water has to be carted up for all purposes, the springs and small mountain streams being completely dried up. The farmers are driving the cattle on to the mountains, which are usually more moist."

The Moors.—"On one moor it is said more than half of the young birds are gone for want of water, none surviving but those hatched near springs or burns. You may travel for miles on the high ground and not see a single grouse. In my opinion there will not be more than twenty brace killed by one gun this season, Crops of all kinds are gone here. I do not know what is to be done for want of fodder."

At the trial of the Liecester agricultural show on the 13th July, of steam and other plows, it is observed, "The leading feature of the day has been the immense number of broken shares, resulting of course from the baked state of the ground. Passing from one field to another the visitor has come upon numberless heaps of disabled iron-work, and it has not been difficult to discover the history of their grief."

"Many wheat fields in this district (Newcastle) are now literally swarming with insects much resembling the common flea in both color and size, which have located themselves in close proximity to the grain. Several large fields in the vicinity of Walker present a very remarkable appearance from this cause, the mass of insects imparting a dark tint to the summit of every stem, and the damage caused by their troublesome presence is likely to inflict heavy loss upon the farmers. It is one of the most destructive species of the Aphis."

"The harvesting time on this farm (the Prince Consort's model farm at Frogmore) this year is considered to be *six weeks earlier* than the average of seasons." Wheat heavy and in fine condition; beans and oats cut and above the average. The London *Express* of the 6th says:

> "The long-continued drought is becoming a matter of serious import to the country. The traveler by railway, through any part of England, reads the same story in county after county. Fields which should be green and fresh have an arid and rusty look, as if their vegetation were artificial, and had grown shabby. The soil is hard and droughty, the hedges are bald and brown, while the grass of parks and pleasure grounds is burned down as completely as if it had been singed. London is suffering too. Our sewers and drains are abnormally offensive, and our streets have, over and above the general closeness and stuffness of July, a fusion of foul flavors. The taints and odors are spreading from the courts and alleys over our handsomest and most spacious thoroughfares, and are intensifying and thickening in their native homes as well. Night after night does the sky give promises which the morning breaks. The sparse driblets of the last week have done little more than sharpen our sense of the evil. When will the rain come? is still on our lips."

The *Daily News* of the 7th say:

> "The want of rain is beginning to be seriously spoken of in Ireland. In consequence of the continued drought the hay harvest is extremely light (though of the best quality), and the supply of milk and butter is necessarily curtailed owing to the distress which cattle endure from want of sufficient moisture."

The *Freeman's Journal* says:

> "Since the summer of 1798 such a season has not been known. We have had no winter, and March was only equaled in its genial character by April and May, in which we had nearly all sunshine and no showers."

The Mark Lane *Express* of the 12th inst. collects together reports from all parts of England, which confirm what we have thus presented. We give some specimens of these reports:

From Lincolnshire.—"Intense heat continues. In many cases it is damaging the wheat, and as for barley it is now past recovery, and is dying prematurely, to become, without doubt, bad in quality and in quantity. Pastures can never recover under any circumstances, so that fat meat after a few weeks must be scarce and dear, and the chance of a turnip crop is hopeless."

Warwickshire.—"The root crops in this district are generally very poor, and in not a few instances have been given up as entirely lost."

Suffolk.—"The drought continues, parching up every thing green and rendering the country most dreary."

From the east coast of Scotland.—"We are still without rain so much needed by spring corn and root crops."

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, in England, writes that he was then at an elevation which commanded a view of the country for thirty miles in extent, and that the hedges and trees which send their roots deep into the earth were alone green, and that the pastures were universally suffering. "The popular delusion" (he adds) "that grass is green will soon be among the forgotten fallacies of the past."

The Manchester *Guardian*, of the 13th ult., says: "Rain has fallen on only three out of the last 104 days in the Manchester water-shed, and the fall on those occasions was so small that it was entirely absorbed into the ground and the reservoirs received none."

Advices by telegraph show that the drought was broken about the 24th of July.

The fact that the existence of a drought "in the interior provinces of the north of Spain," and in parts of Germany and France is also spoken of, shows its extension upon the Continent, but in a much less severe form than that prevailing in Great Britain and Ireland.

In England the price of meat had fallen, because both cattle and sheep had been slaughtered in excess of what was usual owing to the scarcity of hay, oats, and pasturage; but wheat had fallen but little, as the crop had reached the market much earlier than usual, although not in large quantities.

The question whence the supply will be obtained to make up this unfortunate deficiency is one of great interest. The crop of wheat in California will amount this year to seventeen millions of bushels, such is the estimate; and as freights are low at San Francisco for outward cargoes, competition from that quarter may be expected. In many parts of Europe the crop of grain promises to be full, and in the United States a wheat harvest unprecedented in quantity is now being gathered. The law of distribution, by which the deficiency in one country is supplied from the excess in others, will soon be in full operation to the advantage of the United States as one of the countries upon which the favors of Providence, in respect to what is gathered and what is promised, have been bountifully bestowed.

"REGULAR AND PEACEFUL."

Mr. Henry C. Murphy, now State Senator from the Brooklyn district, was chairman of the committee upon resolutions of the late Democratic Convention, and is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Indeed, at the late Democratic meeting in Brooklyn, over which he presided, Mr. Murphy was introduced by some enthusiast as the next Governor of the State, which was, at least, premature. In his speech upon taking the chair Mr. Murphy said that the Democratic party was pledged to a reversal, by regular and peaceful means, of the Congressional policy of restoration. Undoubtedly Mr. Murphy wishes that this were all. Undoubtedly he would very gladly have the country believe that the Democratic party was pledged to this and nothing more. But he has not stated the case exactly. Mr. Murphy has forgotten what the country very well remembers.

The facts are that the Democratic Convention, having declared, upon Mr. Murphy's suggestion, that "the Reconstruction acts (so-called) of Congress, as such, are usurpations, and unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void," proceeded with enthusiasm to nominate General Blair for Vice-President, who had just stated, in the most unequivocal manner, his remedy for these "usurpations," and these "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void" acts of Congress. We do not find that Mr. Murphy in his speech mentioned General Blair's plan. It is this: "There is but one way," says the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, "to restore the Government and the Constitution, and that is for the President elect to declare these acts null and void, compel the army to undo its usurpations at the South, disperse the carpet-bag State Governments, allow the white people to reorganize their own governments, and elect Senators and Representatives." So said General Blair just as the Convention met. That statesman continued: "We must restore the Constitution before we can restore the finances; and to do this we must have a President who will execute the will of the people by trampling into dust the usurpations of Congress, known as the Reconstruction acts. *I wish to stand before the Convention upon this issue.*"

Undoubtedly he did, and upon that issue he was nominated; and in nominating him the Convention pledged the Democratic party to his plan. Is that plan, as stated by himself, as supported by Wade Hampton, by Forrest, by Hoke, by all the Democratic delegates who believe with Hampton that the rebellion is not a lost cause if Seymour can be elected, a "reversal by regular and peaceful means?" Just as much as Jeff Davis's request to be let alone was a regular and peaceful policy. Just as much as Wade Hampton's demand upon his party that if the Ku-Klux Klan can succeed in doing as it pleases at the South Seymour and Blair shall be placed in the White House, "in spite of all the bayonets that shall be brought against them." This may be what Mr. Murphy calls peace and regularity; and Raphael Semmes agrees with him. But we doubt if the country does.

ANOTHER CERTIFICATE FOR MR. SEYMOUR.

Jack Falstaff swore that he made himself hoarse with hallooing of anthems in his youth. Mr. Horatio Seymour's "friends" swear that there was no such Union patriot as he during the war, and they are bringing forward all kinds of certificates to prove it. But Mr. Seymour will be accepted as a loyal Union man when Jack Falstaff passes for a saint—and not before. We add the following to the list of certificates:

Mr. Thurlow Weed, a pretty good "Conservative" authority, in a letter written in September, 1865, says: "In 1862 Governor Seymour, urged by Judge Stryker and other loyal Democrats (as Hamlet urged his mother) to assume a virtue, made a patriotic speech in Brooklyn, and was elected Governor. In the days of disaster which followed, Mr. Lincoln, realizing Governor Seymour's power for usefulness, and mindful only of his country's welfare, charged me to say to Governor Seymour that if he would use his position and power to crush the rebellion, a grateful people would reward him with the Presidency. I gave the message of an enlightened and patriotic President to a metaphysically-muddled Governor, whose Secession and Copperhead proclivities and associations brought deserved reproach and destruction upon himself and his party."

A STALE SLANDER UPON MR. COLFAX.

Last year, when the Democratic papers circulated an absurd falsehood that Mr. Colfax had written "Sixteen Reasons" why General Grant should not be nominated, we published a note from the Speaker which effectually disposed of the libel. As the poison is now again showing itself, and with increased virulence, we again apply the antidote.

> "South Bend, Indiana, *September* 14, 1867.
>
> "My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for having anticipated my denial of any knowledge of the 16 Reasons Circular, as well as of any sympathy with its charges, in your editorial, which I have just seen. I am satisfied that it was the weak invention of an enemy, intended to create the impression which it did. But the suspicion by any Republican that I sympathized with it has been very annoying: and I am the more grateful that with your wide circulation you so kindly and promptly expressed your opinion.
>
> "Respectfully yours, Schuyler Colfax.
>
> "To the Editor of 'Harper's Weekly.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

Congress adjourned on July 27, taking a recess until the 21st of September.

The miners of Pennsylvania, lately on a strike, have returned to work at old wages and hours.

Jeff Davis and family have gone to Europe.

A tournament and other chivalric exercises was held at Manassas, Virginia, on July 21, by the ex-rebels in honor of the victory at Bull Run in 1861. The only Northern celebrations of victories during the late war have had for their purpose the erection on the battle-fields of cemeteries for the fallen.

Three desperadoes, belonging to an organized band of robbers in Indiana and Illinois, were lately arrested for robbing the Adams Express car at Brownstown, Indiana. While being conveyed under guard to the Brownstown jail they passed through Seymour, where they had formerly lived. The citizens of that town gathered in a mob and hanged them. On July 25 three others who had been arrested shared the same fate.

It is believed that there are twenty thousand tenement-houses in this city, which contain, on an average, four families to each story, with five persons to each family, each person having about fifteen square feet of ground area, and four hundred and eighty cubic feet of air—one thousand cubic feet of air being absolutely necessary for the health of each individual.

FOREIGN NEWS.

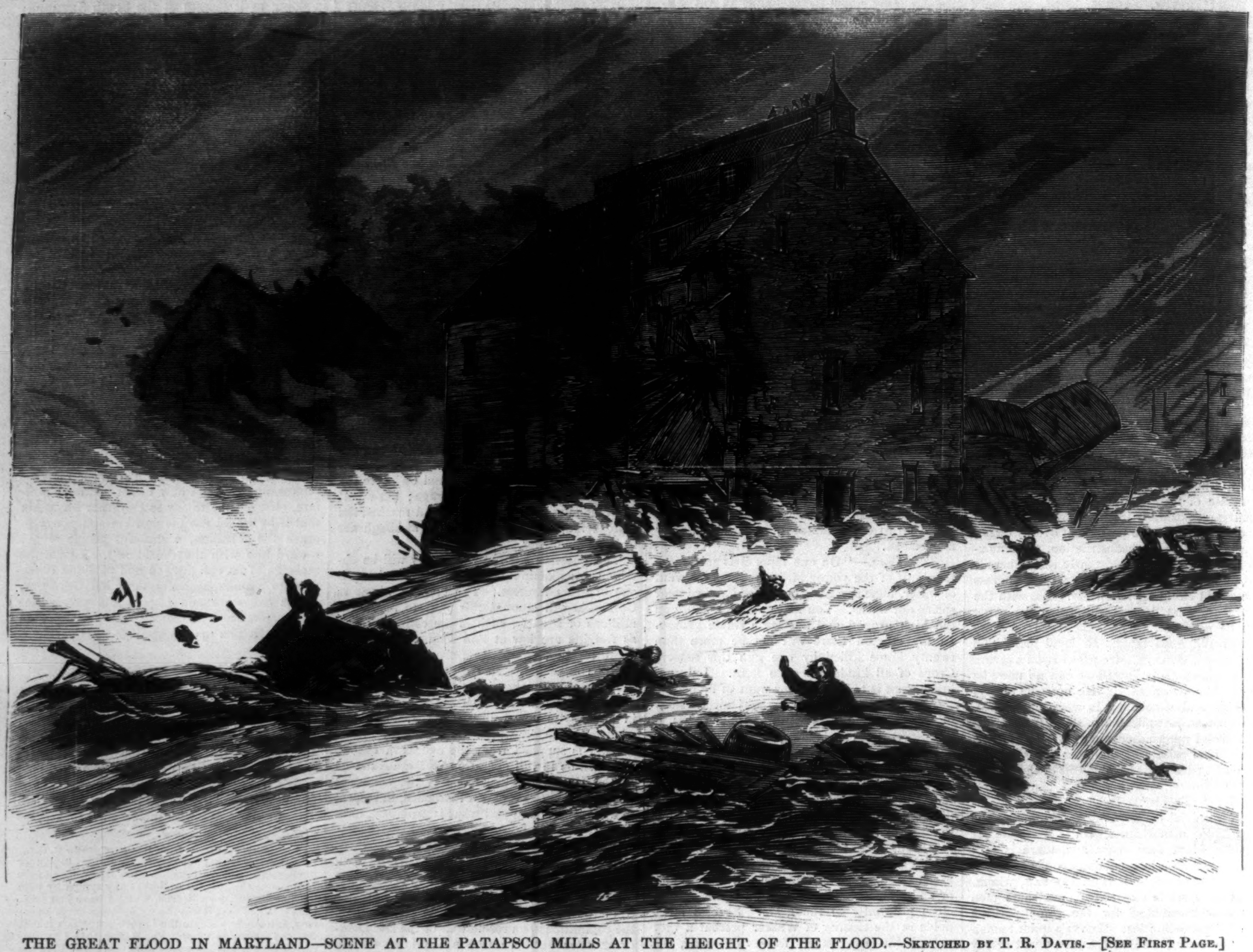
The Roman Revolutionary Committee in Rome chose the 3d of July, the second anniversary of the victory of the Prussians at Sadowa, as the occasion for an address of congratulation to the Prussian Minister to the Papal Court. In the address is the following passage—very significant in view of the late advancements toward civil and religious liberty in Prussia, Austria, and Italy: "We hope that great Germany will not forget the sympathies of the Romans, and the prayers they constantly put up for her prosperity, and that the settlement and growth of her power will be fertile of happy results to us."

Caraccas, Venezuela, was taken by assault on June 23, and the successful revolutionists inaugurated a new Government, with General Monagas at its head. Among the refugees from the war scenes is American Minister Stillwell, who was afraid of his life if he remained.

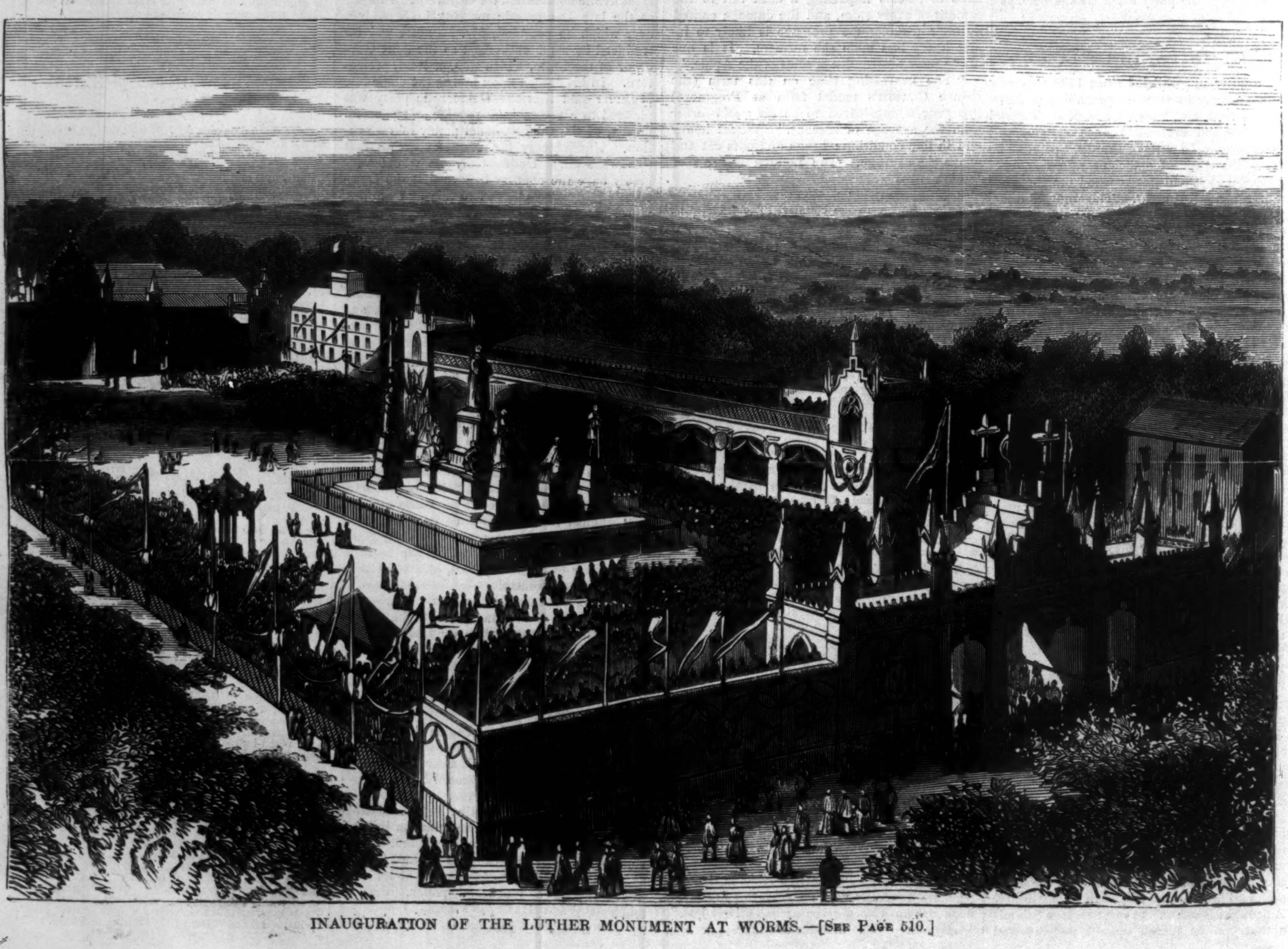
Annexation to the United States is talked of in Panama, threatened in Hayti, and feared in Mexico. The Panama people wish it; Salnave terrifies the Haytiens with the idea; and the Mexican papers have a cock-and-bull story of a coalition of European powers with the United States to divide up Mexico, and sell it out to the American Government.

It has been ascertained that the Coreans beheaded the crew of the American vessel *General Sherman.*

The latest Eastern reports are highly encouraging as far as China is concerned, but not so with regard to Japan. The rebels in China were defeated in their attempts on Tientsin, and the siege had been abandoned. From Japan comes the statement that the late Tycoon, Stots Bashi, now in rebellion, had raised another army of 200,000 men and a fleet of war vessels, and was threatening Jeddo. In the mean time the Mikado, who appears to have fallen into bad hands, was promulgating edicts against all native Christians, and his men were doing all in their power to intimidate foreigners from settling at Osaka.



THE GREAT FLOOD IN MARYLAND—SCENE AT THE PATAPSCO MILLS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See First Page.]



INAUGURATION OF THE LUTHER MONUMENT AT WORMS.—[See Page 510.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.
RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

SIXTH NARRATIVE.

Contributed by Sergeant Cuff.

I.

DORKING, Surrey, *July* 30, 1849.—To Franklin Blake, Esq. Sir,—I beg to apologize for the delay that has occurred in the production of the Report with which I engaged to furnish you. I have waited to make it a complete Report; and I have been met, here and there, by obstacles which it was only possible to remove by some little expenditure of patience and time.

The object which I proposed to myself has now, I hope, been attained. You will find, in these pages, answers to the greater part—if not all—of the questions, concerning the late Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, which occurred to your mind when I last had the honor of seeing you.

I propose to tell you—in the first place—what is known of the manner in which your cousin met his death; appending to the statement such inferences and conclusions as we are justified (according to my opinion) in drawing from the facts.

I shall then endeavor—in the second place—to put you in possession of such discoveries as I have made, respecting the proceedings of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, before, during, and after the time, when you and he met as guests at the late Lady Verinder's country house.

II.

As to your cousin's death, then, first.

It appears to me to be established, beyond any reasonable doubt, that he was killed (while he was asleep, or immediately on his waking) by being smothered with a pillow from his bed—that the persons guilty of murdering him are the three Indians—and that the object contemplated (and achieved) by the crime, was to obtain possession of the diamond, called The Moonstone.

The facts from which this conclusion is drawn, are derived partly from an examination of the room at the tavern; and partly from the evidence obtained at the Coroner's Inquest.

On forcing the door of the room the deceased gentleman was discovered, dead, with the pillow of the bed over his face. The medical man who examined him, being informed of this circumstance, considered the post-mortem appearances as being perfectly compatible with murder by smothering—that is to say, with murder committed by some person, or persons, pressing the pillow over the nose and mouth of the deceased, until death resulted from congestion of the lungs.

Next, as to the motive for the crime.

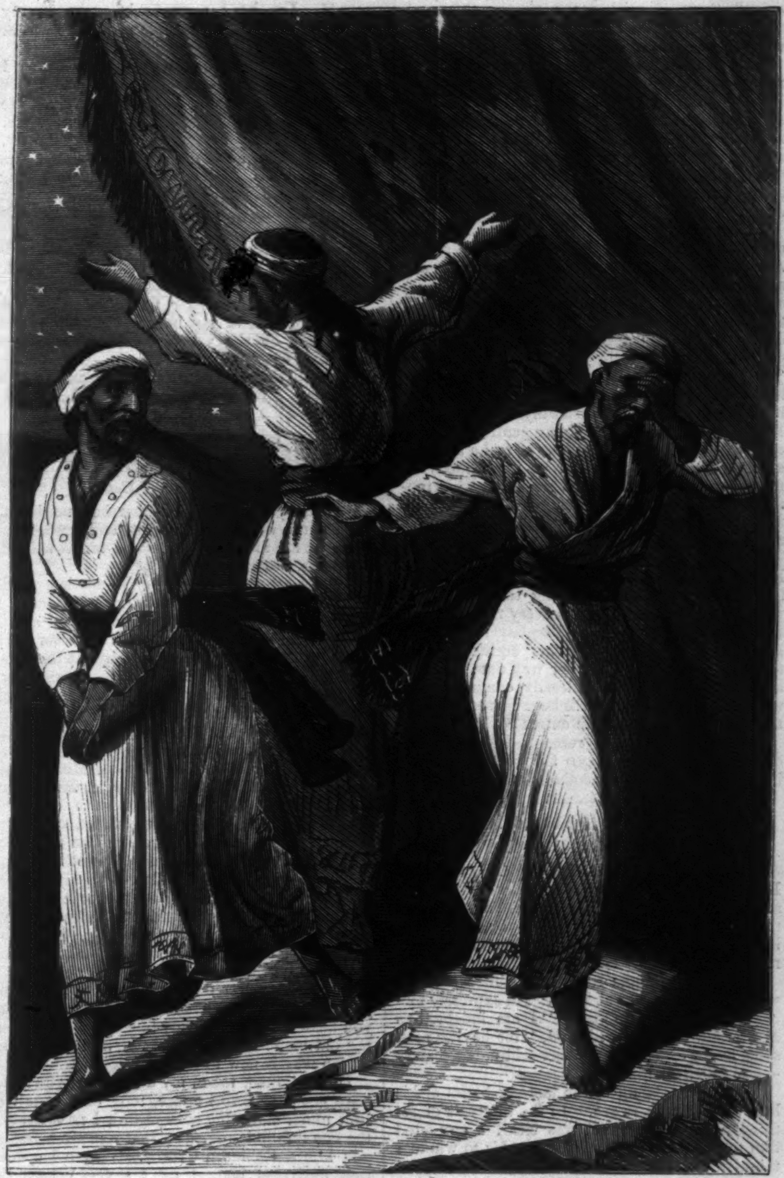
A small box, with a sealed paper torn off from it (the paper containing an inscription) was found open, and empty, on a table in the room. Mr. Luker has himself personally identified the box, the seal, and the inscription. He has declared that the box did actually contain the diamond, called the Moonstone; and he has admitted having given the box (thus sealed up) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite (then concealed under a disguise), on the afternoon of the twenty-sixth of June last. The fair inference from all this is, that the stealing of the Moonstone was the motive of the crime.

Next, as to the manner in which the crime was committed.

On examination of the room (which is only seven feet high), a trap-door in the ceiling, leading out on to the roof of the house, was discovered open. The short ladder, used for obtaining access to the trap-door (and kept under the bed), was found placed at the opening, so as to enable any person, or persons, in the room, to leave it again easily. In the trap-door itself was found a square aperture cut in the wood, apparently with some exceedingly sharp instrument, just behind the bolt which fastened the door on the inner side. In this way any person from the outside could have drawn back the bolt, and opened the door, and have dropped (or have been noiselessly lowered by an accomplice) into the room—its height, as already observed, being only seven feet. That some person, or persons, must have got admission in this way, appears evident from the fact of the aperture being there. As to the manner in which he (or they) obtained access to the roof of the tavern, it is to be remarked that the third house, lower down in the street, was empty and under repair—that a long ladder was left by the workmen, leading from the pavement to the top of the house—and that, on returning to their work, on the morning of the 27th, the men found the plank which they had tied to the ladder, to prevent any one from using it in their absence, removed, and lying on the ground. As to the possibility of ascending by this ladder, passing over the roofs of the houses, passing back, and descending again, unobserved—it is discovered, on the evidence of the night policeman, that he only passes through Shore Lane twice in an hour when out on his beat. The testimony of the inhabitants also declares that Shore Lane, after midnight, is one of the quietest and loneliest streets in London. Here again, therefore, it seems fair to infer that—with ordinary caution and presence of mind—any man, or men, might have ascended by the ladder, and might have descended again, unobserved. Once on the roof of the tavern, it has been proved, by experiment, that a man might cut through the trap-door while lying down on it, and that in such a position the parapet in front of the house would conceal him from the view of any one passing in the street.

Lastly, as to the person, or persons, by whom the crime was committed.

It is known (1) that the Indians had an interest in possessing themselves of the Diamond. (2) It is at least probable that the man looking like an Indian, whom Octavius Guy saw at the window of the cab speaking to the man dressed like a mechanic, was one of the three Hindoo conspirators. (3) It is certain that this same man dressed like a mechanic, was seen keeping Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite in view all through the evening of the 26th, and was found in the bedroom (before Mr. Ablewhite was shown into it) under circumstances which lead to the suspicion that he was examining the room. (4) A morsel of torn gold thread was picked up in the bedroom, which persons expert in such matters declare to be of Indian manufacture, and to be a species of gold thread not known in England. (5) On the morning of the 27th, three men, answering to the description of the three Indians, were observed in Lower Thames Street, were traced to the Tower Wharf, and were seen to leave London by the steamer bound for Rotterdam.



"NEVER MORE WERE THEY TO LOOK ON EACH OTHER'S FACES."

There is here moral, if not legal, evidence that the murder was committed by the Indians.

Whether the man personating a mechanic was, or was not, an accomplice in the crime, it is impossible to say. That he could have committed the murder alone seems beyond the limits of probability. Acting by himself, he could hardly have smothered Mr. Ablewhite—who was the taller and the stronger man of the two—without a struggle taking place, or a cry being heard. A servant girl, sleeping in the next room, heard nothing. The landlord, sleeping in the room below, heard nothing. The whole evidence points to the inference that more than one man was concerned in this crime—and the circumstances, I repeat, morally justify the conclusion that the Indians committed it.

I have only to add that the verdict at the Coroner's Inquest was Willful Murder against some person, or persons, unknown. Mr. Ablewhite's family have offered a reward, and no effort has been left untried to discover the guilty persons. The man dressed like a mechanic has eluded all inquiries. The Indians have been traced. As to the prospect of ultimately capturing these last, I shall have a word to say to you on that head when I reach the end of the present Report.

In the mean while, having now written all that is needful on the subject of Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, I may pass next to the narrative of his proceedings before, during, and after the time when you and he met at the late Lady Verinder's house.

III.

With regard to the subject now in hand, I may state, at the outset, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's life had two sides to it.

The side turned up to the public view presented the spectacle of a gentleman, possessed of considerable reputation as a speaker at charitable meetings, and endowed with administrative abilities, which he placed at the disposal of various Benevolent Societies, mostly of the female sort. The side kept hidden from the general notice exhibited this same gentleman in the totally different character of a man of pleasure, with a villa in the suburbs which was not taken in his own name, and with a lady in the villa who was not taken in his own name either.

My investigations in this villa have shown me several fine pictures and statues; furniture tastefully selected and admirably made; and a conservatory of the rarest flowers, the match of which it would not be easy to find in all London. My investigation of the lady has resulted in the discovery of jewels which are worthy to take rank with the flowers, and of carriages and horses which have (deservedly) produced a sensation in the Park among persons well qualified to judge of the build of the one and the breed of the others.

All this is, so far, common enough. The villa and the lady are such familiar objects in London life that I ought to apologize for introducing them to notice. But what is not common and not familiar (in my experience) is that all these fine things were not only ordered but paid for. The pictures, the statues, the flowers, the jewels, the carriages, and the horses—inquiry proved, to my indescribable astonishment, that not a sixpence of debt was owing on any of them. As to the villa, it had been bought, out and out, and settled on the lady.

I might have tried to find the right reading of this riddle, and tried in vain—but for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's death, which caused an inquiry to be made into the state of his affairs.

The inquiry elicited these facts:

That Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was intrusted with the care of a sum of twenty thousand pounds—as one of two Trustees for a young gentleman, who was still a minor in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight. That the Trust was to lapse, and that the young gentleman was to receive the twenty thousand pounds on the day when he came of age, in the month of February, eighteen hundred and fifty. That, pending the arrival of this period, an income of six hundred pounds was to be paid to him by his two Trustees, half yearly—at Christmas and at Midsummer-Day. That this income was regularly paid by the active Trustee, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. That the twenty thousand pounds (from which the income was supposed to be derived) had, every farthing of it, been sold out of the Funds, at different periods, ending with the end of the year eighteen hundred and forty-seven. That the power of attorney, authorizing the bankers to sell out the stock, and the various written orders telling them what amounts to sell out, were formally signed by both the Trustees. That the signature of the second Trustee (a retired army officer, living in the country) was a signature forged, in every case, by the active Trustee—otherwise Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite.

In these facts lies the explanation of Mr. Godfrey's honorable conduct in paying the debts incurred for the lady and the villa—and (as you will presently see) of more besides.

We may now advance to the date of Miss Verinder's birthday (in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight)—the twenty-first of June.

On the day before Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite arrived at his father's house, and asked (as I know from Mr. Ablewhite, senior, himself) for a loan of three hundred pounds. Mark the sum; and remember at the same time that the half-yearly payment to the young gentleman was due on the twenty-fourth of the month. Also, that the whole of the young gentleman's fortune had been spent by his Trustee by the end of the year 'forty-seven.

Mr. Ablewhite, senior, refused to lend his son a farthing.

The next day Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite rode over, with you, to Lady Verinder's house. A few hours afterward Mr. Godfrey (as you yourself have told me) made a proposal of marriage to Miss Verinder. Here he saw his way, no doubt—if accepted—to the end of all his money anxieties, present and future. But, as events actually turned out, what happened? Miss Verinder refused him.

On the night of the birthday, therefore, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's pecuniary position was this: He had three hundred pounds to find on the twenty-fourth of the month, and twenty thousand pounds to find in February, eighteen hundred and fifty. Failing to raise these sums, at these times, he was a ruined man.

Under those circumstances, what takes place next?

You exasperate Mr. Candy, the doctor, on the sore subject of his profession, and he plays you a practical joke, in return, with a dose of laudanum. He trusts the administration of the dose (prepared in a little vial) to Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, who has himself confessed the share he had in the matter, under circumstances which shall presently be related to you. Mr. Godfrey is all the readier to enter into the conspiracy, having himself suffered from your sharp tongue, in the course of the evening. He joins Betteredge in persuading you to drink a little brandy-and-water before you go to bed. He privately drops the dose of laudanum into your cold grog. And you drink the mixture.

Let us now shift the scene, if you please, to Mr. Luker's house at Lambeth. And allow me to remark, by way of preface, that Mr. Bruff and I, together, have found a means of forcing the money-lender to make a clean breast of it. We have carefully sifted the statement he has addressed to us; and here it is at your service.

IV.

Late on the evening of Friday, the twenty-third of June ('forty-eight), Mr. Luker was surprised by a visit from Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. He was more than surprised when Mr. Godfrey produced the Moonstone. No such diamond (according to Mr. Luker's experience) was in the possession of any private person in Europe.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite had two modest proposals to make in relation to this magnificent gem. First, Would Mr. Luker be so good as to buy it? Secondly, Would Mr. Luker (in default of seeing his way to the purchase) undertake to sell it on commission, and to pay a sum down, on the anticipated result?

Mr. Luker tested the Diamond, weighed the Diamond, and estimated the value of the Diamond, before he answered a word. *His* estimate (allowing for the flaw in the stone) was thirty thousand pounds.

Having reached that result Mr. Luker opened his lips, and put a question: "How did you come by this?" Only six words! But what volumes of meaning in them!

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began a story. Mr. Luker opened his lips again, and only said three words, this time. "That won't do!"

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite began another story. Mr. Luker wasted no more words on him. He got up and rang the bell for the servant to show the gentleman out.

Upon this compulsion, Mr. Godfrey made an effort, and came out with a new and amended version of the affair, to the following effect.

After privately slipping the laudanum into your brandy-and-water, he wished you good-night, and went into his own room. It was the next room to yours, and the two had a door of communication between them. On entering his own room Mr. Godfrey (as he supposed) closed this door. His money-troubles kept him awake. He sat, in his dressing-gown and slippers, for nearly an hour, thinking over his position. Just as he was preparing to get into bed, he heard you talking to yourself in your own room, and going to the door of communication, found that he had not shut it as he supposed.

He looked into your room to see what was the matter. He discovered you with the candle in your hand, just leaving your bedchamber. He heard you say to yourself, in a voice quite unlike your own voice, "How do I know? The Indians may be hidden in the house."

Up to that time he had simply supposed himself (in giving you the laudanum) to be helping to make you the victim of a harmless practical joke. It now occurred to him that the laudanum had taken some effect on you which had not been foreseen by the doctor, any more than by himself. In the fear of an accident happening, he followed you softly to see what you would do.

He followed you to Miss Verinder's sitting-room, and saw you go in. You left the door open. He looked through the crevice thus produced, between the door and the post, before he ventured into the room himself.

In that position, he not only detected you in taking the Diamond out of the drawer—he also detected Miss Verinder, silently watching you from her bedroom, through her open door. He saw that *she* saw you take the Diamond too.

Before you left the sitting-room again, you hesitated a little. Mr. Godfrey took advantage of this hesitation to get back again to his bedroom before you came out and discovered him. He had barely got back, before you got back too. You saw him (as he supposes) just as he was passing through the door of communication. At any rate, you called to him in a strange, drowsy voice.

He came back to you. You looked at him in a dull, sleepy way. You put the Diamond into his hand. You said to him, "Take it back, Godfrey, to your father's bank. It's safe there—it's not safe here." You turned away unsteadily, and put on your dressing-gown. You sat down in the large arm-chair in your room. You said, "*I* can't take it back to the bank. My head's like lead—and I can't feel my feet under me." Your head sank on the back of the chair—you heaved a heavy sigh—and you fell asleep.

Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite went back, with the Diamond, into his own room. His statement is, that he came to no conclusion at that time—except that he would wait, and see what happened in the morning.

When the morning came, your language and conduct showed that you were absolutely ignorant of what you had said and done overnight. At the same time, Miss Verinder's language and conduct showed that she was resolved to say nothing (in mercy to you) on her side. If Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite chose to keep the Diamond, he might do so with perfect impunity. The Moonstone stood between him and ruin. He put the Moonstone into his pocket.

V.

This was the story told by your cousin (under pressure of necessity) to Mr. Luker.

Mr. Luker believed the story to be, as to all main essentials, true—on this ground, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was too great a fool to have invented it. Mr. Bruff and I agree with Mr. Luker, in considering this test of the truth of the story to be a perfectly reliable one.

The next question was the question of what Mr. Luker would do, in the matter of the Moonstone. He proposed the following terms, as the only terms on which he would consent to mix himself up with what was (even in *his* line of business) a doubtful and dangerous transaction.

Mr. Luker would consent to lend Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite the sum of two thousand pounds, on condition that the Moonstone was to be deposited with him as a pledge. If, at the expiration of one year from that date, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite paid three thousand pounds to Mr. Luker, he was to receive back the Diamond, as a pledge redeemed. If he failed to produce the money at the expiration of the year, the pledge (otherwise the Moonstone) was to be considered as forfeited to Mr. Luker—who would, in this latter case, generously make Mr. Godfrey a present of certain promissory notes of his (relating to former dealings) which were then in the money-lender's possession.

It is needless to say that Mr. Godfrey indignantly refused to listen to these monstrous terms. Mr. Luker, thereupon, handed him back the Diamond, and wished him good-night.

Your cousin went to the door, and came back again. How was he to be sure that the conversation of that evening would be kept strictly a secret between his friend and himself?

Mr. Luker didn't profess to know how. If Mr. Godfrey had accepted his terms, Mr. Godfrey would have made him an accomplice, and might have counted on his silence as on a certainty. As things were, Mr. Luker must be guided by his own interests. If awkward inquiries were made, how could he be expected to compromise himself, for the sake of a man who had declined to deal with him?

Receiving this reply, Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite did, what all animals (human and otherwise) do, when they find themselves caught in a trap. He looked about him in a state of helpless despair. The day of the month, recorded on a neat little card in a box on the money-lender's chimney-piece, happened to attract his eye. It was the twenty-third of June. On the twenty-fourth, he had three hundred pounds to pay to the young gentleman for whom he was trustee, and no chance of raising the money, except the chance that Mr. Luker had offered to him. But for this miserable obstacle, he might have taken the Diamond to Amsterdam, and have made a marketable commodity of it, by having it cut up into separate stones. As matters stood, he had no choice but to accept Mr. Luker's terms. After all, he had a year at his disposal, in which to raise the three thousand pounds—and a year is a long time.

Mr. Luker drew out the necessary documents on the spot. When they were signed, he gave Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite two checks. One, dated June 23d, for three hundred pounds. Another, dated a week on, for the remaining balance—seventeen hundred pounds.

How the Moonstone was trusted to the keeping of Mr. Luker's bankers, and how the Indians treated Mr. Luker and Mr. Godfrey (after that had been done) you know already.

The next event in your cousin's life, refers again to Miss Verinder. He proposed marriage to her for the second time—and (after having been accepted) he consented, at her request, to consider the marriage as broken off. One of his reasons for making this concession has been penetrated by Mr. Bruff. Miss Verinder had only a life-interest in her mother's property—and there was no raising the missing twenty thousand pounds on *that*.

But you will say, he might have saved the three thousand pounds, to redeem the pledged Diamond, if he had married. He might have done so certainly—supposing neither his wife, nor her guardians and trustees, objected to his anticipating more than half of the income at his disposal, for some unknown purpose, in the first year of his marriage. But even if he got over this obstacle, there was another waiting for him in the back-ground. The lady at the Villa had heard of his contemplated marriage. A superb woman, Mr. Blake, of the sort that are not to be trifled with—the sort with the light complexion and the Roman nose. She felt the utmost contempt for Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite. It would be silent contempt if he made a handsome provision for her. Otherwise, it would be contempt with a tongue to it. Miss Verinder's life-interest allowed him no more hope of raising the "provision" than of raising the twenty thousand pounds. He couldn't marry—he really couldn't marry, under all the circumstances.

How he tried his luck again with another lady, and how *that* marriage also broke down on the question of money, you know already. You also know of the legacy of five thousand pounds, left to him shortly afterward, by one of those many admirers among the soft sex whose good graces this fascinating man had contrived to win. That legacy (as the event has proved) led him to his death.

I have ascertained that when he went abroad, on getting his five thousand pounds, he went to Amsterdam. There he made all the necessary arrangements for having the Diamond cut into separate stones. He came back (in disguise), and redeemed the Moonstone on the appointed day. A few days were allowed to elapse (as a precaution agreed to by both parties) before the jewel was actually taken out of the bank. If he had got safe with it to Amsterdam there would have been just time between July 'forty-nine and February 'fifty (when the young gentleman came of age) to cut the Diamond, and to make a marketable commodity (polished or unpolished) of the separate stones. Judge from this what motives he had to run the risk which he actually ran. It was "neck or nothing" with him—if ever it was "neck or nothing" with a man yet.

I have only to remind you, before closing this Report, that there is a chance of laying hands on the Indians, and of recovering the Moonstone yet. They are now (there is every reason to believe) on their passage to Bombay in an East Indiaman. The ship (barring accidents) will touch at no other port on her way out; and the authorities of Bombay (already communicated with by letter overland) will be prepared to board the vessel the moment she enters the harbor.

I have the honor to remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant, Richard Cuff (late sergeant in the Detective Force, Scotland Yard, London).*

Seventh Narrative.

In a Letter from Mr. Candy.

Frizinghall, *Wednesday, Sept.* 26, 1849.—Dear Mr. Franklin Blake, you will anticipate the sad news I have to tell you, on finding your letter to Ezra Jennings returned to you, unopened, in this inclosure. He died in my arms, at sunrise, on Wednesday last.

I am not to blame for having failed to warn you that his end was at hand. He expressly forbade me to write to you. "I am indebted to Mr. Franklin Blake," he said, "for having seen some happy days. Don't distress him, Mr. Candy—don't distress him."

His sufferings, up to the last six hours of his life, were terrible to see. In the intervals of remission, when his mind was clear, I entreated him to tell me of any relatives of his to whom I might write. He asked to be forgiven for refusing any thing to *me*. And then he said—not bitterly—that he would die as he had lived, forgotten and unknown. He maintained that resolution to the last. There is no hope now of making any discoveries concerning him. His story is a blank.

The day before he died he told me where to find all his papers. I brought them to him on his bed. There was a little bundle of old letters which he put aside. There was his unfinished book. There was his Diary—in many locked volumes. He opened the volume for this year, and tore out, one by one, the pages relating to the time when you and he were together. "Give those," he said, "to Mr. Franklin Blake. In years to come he may feel an interest in looking back at what is written there." Then he clasped his hands, and prayed God fervently to bless you, and those dear to you. He said he should like to see you again. But the next moment he altered his mind. "No," he answered, when I offered to write. "I won't distress him! I won't distress him!"

At his request I next collected the other papers—that is to say, the bundle of letters, the unfinished book, and the volumes of the Diary—and inclosed them all in one wrapper, sealed with my own seal. "Promise," he said, "that you will put this into my coffin with your own hand; and that you will see that no other hand touches it afterward."

I gave him my promise. And the promise has been performed.

He asked me to do one other thing for him, which it cost me a hard struggle to comply with. He said, "Let my grave be forgotten. Give me your word of honor that you will allow no monument of any sort—not even the commonest tombstone—to mark the place of my burial. Let me sleep, nameless. Let me rest, unknown." When I tried to plead with him to alter his resolution he became for the first, and only time, violently agitated. I could not bear to see it; and I gave way. Nothing but a little grass mound marks the place of his rest. In time the tombstones will rise round it. And the people who come after us will look, and wonder, at the nameless grave.

As I have told you, for six hours before his death his sufferings ceased. He dozed a little. I think he dreamed. Once or twice he smiled. A woman's name, as I suppose—the name of "Ella"—was often on his lips at this time. A few minutes before the end came he asked me to lift him on his pillow, to see the sun rise through the window. He was very weak. His head fell on my shoulder. He whispered, "It's coming!" Then he said, "Kiss me!" I kissed his forehead. On a sudden he lifted his head. The sunlight touched his face. A beautiful expression, an angelic expression, came over it. He cried out three times, "Peace! peace! peace!" His head sank back again on my shoulder, and the long trouble of his life was at an end.

So he has gone from us. This was, as I think, a great man—though the world never knew him. He bore a hard life bravely. He had the sweetest temper I have ever met with. The loss of him makes me feel very lonely. Perhaps I have never been quite myself again since my illness. Sometimes I think of giving up my practice and going away, and trying what some of the foreign baths and waters will do for me.

It is reported here that you and Miss Verinder are to be married next month. Please to accept my best congratulations.

The pages of my poor friend's Journal are waiting for you at my house—sealed up, with your name on the wrapper. I was afraid to trust them to the post.

My best respects and good wishes attend Miss Verinder. I remain, dear Mr. Franklin Blake, truly yours, Thomas Candy.

Eighth Narrative.

Contributed by Gabriel Betteredge.

I am the person (as you remember, no doubt) who led the way in these pages, and opened the story. I am also the person who is left behind, as it were, to close the story up.

Let nobody suppose that I have any last words to say here concerning the Indian Diamond. I hold that unlucky jewel in abhorrence; and I refer you to other authority than mine for such news of the Moonstone as you may, at the present time, be expecting to receive. My purpose, in this place, is to state a fact in the history of the family which has been passed over by every body, and which I won't allow to be disrespectfully smothered up in that way. The fact to which I allude is—the marriage of Miss Rachel and Mr. Franklin Blake. This interesting event took place at our house in Yorkshire, on Tuesday, October ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. I had a new suit of clothes on the occasion. And the married couple went to spend the honey-moon in Scotland.

Family festivals having been rare enough at our house, since my poor mistress's death, I own—on this occasion of the wedding—to having (toward the latter part of the day) taken a drop too much on the strength of it.

If you have ever done the same sort of thing yourself you will understand and feel for me. If you have not, you will very likely say, "Disgusting old man! why does he tell us this?" The reason why is now to come.

Having, then, taken my drop (bless you! you have got your favorite vice, too; only your vice isn't mine, and mine isn't yours), I next applied the one infallible remedy—that remedy being, as you know, Robinson Crusoe. Where I opened that unrivaled book I can't say. Where the lines of print at last left off running into each other I know, however, perfectly well. It was at page three hundred and eighteen—a domestic bit concerning Robinson Crusoe's marriage, as follows:

"With those Thoughts I considered my new Engagement, that I had a Wife"—(Observe! so had Mr. Franklin!)—"one Child born"—(Observe again! that might yet be Mr. Franklin's case, too!)—"and my Wife then"—What Robinson Crusoe's wife did or did not do "then," I felt no desire to discover. I scored the bit about the Child with my pencil, and put a morsel of paper for a mark to keep the place: "Lie you there," I said, "till the marriage of Mr. Franklin and Miss Rachel is some months older—and then we'll see!"

The months passed (more than I had bargained for), and no occasion presented itself for disturbing that mark in the book. It was not till this present month of November, eighteen hundred and fifty, that Mr. Franklin came into my room, in high good spirits, and said, "Betteredge! I have got some news for you! Something is going to happen in the house before we are many months older."

"Does it concern the family, Sir?" I asked.

"It decidedly concerns the family," says Mr. Franklin.

"Has your good lady any thing to do with it, if you please, Sir?"

"She has a great deal to do with it," says Mr. Franklin, beginning to look a little surprised.

"You needn't say a word more, Sir," I answered. "God bless you both! I'm heartily glad to hear it."

Mr. Franklin stared like a person thunderstruck. "May I venture to inquire where you got your information?" he asked. "I only got mine (imparted in the strictest secrecy) five minutes since."

Here was an opportunity of producing Robinson Crusoe! Here was a chance of reading that domestic bit about the child, which I had marked on the day of Mr. Franklin's marriage! I read those miraculous words with an emphasis which did them justice—and then I looked him severely in the face. "*Now*, Sir, do you believe in Robinson Crusoe?" I asked, with a solemnity suitable to the occasion.

"Betteredge!" says Mr. Franklin, with equal solemnity, "I'm convinced at last." He shook hands with me—and I felt that I had converted him.

With the relation of this extraordinary circumstance, my reappearance in these pages comes to an end. Let nobody laugh at the unique anecdote here related. You are welcome to be as merry as you please over every thing else I have written. But when I write of Robinson Crusoe, by the Lord, it's serious—and I request you to take it accordingly!

When this is said, all is said. Ladies and gentlemen, I make my bow, and shut up the story.

EPILOGUE.

The Finding of the Diamond.

I.

THE STATEMENT OF SERGEANT CUFF'S MAN (1849).

On the twenty-seventh of June last I received instructions from Sergeant Cuff to follow three men, suspected of murder, and described as Indians. They had been seen on the Tower Wharf that morning, embarking on board the steamer bound for Rotterdam.

I left London by a steamer belonging to another company, which sailed on the morning of Thursday, the 28th.

Arriving at Rotterdam, I succeeded in finding the commander of the Wednesday's steamer. He informed me that the Indians had certainly been passengers on board his vessel—but as far as Gravesend only. Off that place, one of the three had inquired at what time they would reach Calais. On being informed that the steamer was bound to Rotterdam, the spokesman of the party expressed the greatest surprise and distress at the mistake which he and his two friends had made. They were all willing (he said) to sacrifice their passage-money, if the commander of the steamer would only put them ashore. Commiserating their position, as foreigners in a strange land, and knowing no reason for detaining them, the commander signaled for a shore boat, and the three men left the vessel.

This proceeding of the Indians having been plainly resolved on beforehand, as a means of preventing their being traced, I lost no time in returning to England. I left the steamer at Gravesend, and discovered that the Indians had gone from that place to London. Thence I again traced them as having left for Plymouth. Inquiries made at Plymouth proved that they had sailed, forty-eight hours previously, in the *Bewley Castle* East Indiaman, bound direct for Bombay.

On receiving this intelligence, Sergeant Cuff caused the authorities at Bombay to be communicated with overland—so that the vessel might be boarded by the police immediately on her entering the port. This step having been taken, my connection with the matter came to an end. I have heard nothing more of it since that time.

II.

THE STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN (1849).

I am requested by Sergeant Cuff to set in writing certain facts, concerning three men (believed to be Hindoos) who were passengers, last summer, in the ship *Bewley Castle*, bound for Bombay direct, under my command.

The Hindoos joined us at Plymouth. On the passage out I heard no complaint of their conduct. They were berthed in the forward part of the vessel. I had but few occasions myself of personally noticing them.

In the latter part of the voyage we had the misfortune to be becalmed for three days and nights off the coast of India. I have not got the ship's Journal to refer to, and I can not now call to mind the latitude and longitude. As to our position, therefore, I am only able to state generally that the currents drifted us in toward the land, and that, when the wind found us again, we reached our port in twenty-four hours afterward.

The discipline of a ship (as all sea-faring persons know) becomes relaxed in a long calm. The discipline of my ship became relaxed. Certain gentlemen among the passengers got some of the smaller boats lowered, and amused themselves by rowing about, and swimming, when the sun, at evening time, was cool enough to let them divert themselves in that way. The boats, when done with, ought to have been slung up again in their places. Instead of this they were left moored to the ship's side. What with the heat, and what with the vexation of the weather, neither officers nor men seemed to be in heart for their duty while the calm lasted.

On the third night nothing unusual was heard or seen by the watch on deck. When the morning came the smallest of the boats was missing—and the three Hindoos were next reported to be missing too.

If these men had stolen the boat shortly after dark (which I have no doubt they did), we were near enough to the land to make it vain to send in pursuit of them, when the discovery was made in the morning. I have no doubt they got ashore, in that calm weather (making all due allowance for fatigue and clumsy rowing), before daybreak.

On reaching our port, I there learned, for the first time, the reason my three passengers had for seizing their opportunity of escaping from the ship. I could only make the same statement to the authorities which I have made here. They considered me to blame for allowing the discipline of the vessel to be relaxed. I have expressed my regret on this score to them and to my owners. Since that time nothing has been heard, to my knowledge, of the three Hindoos. I have no more to add to what is here written.

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* Note.—Wherever the Report touches on the events of the birthday, or of the three days that followed it, compare with Betteredge's Narrative—Chapters VIII. to XIII.

III.

THE STATEMENT OF MR. MURTHWAITE (1850).

(In a Letter to Mr. Bruff.)

Have you any recollection, my dear Sir, of a semi-savage person whom you met out at dinner, in London, in the autumn of 'forty-eight? Permit me to remind you that the person's name was Murthwaite, and that you and he had a long conversation together after dinner. The talk related to an Indian Diamond, called The Moonstone, and to a conspiracy then in existence to get possession of the gem.

Since that time I have been wandering in Central Asia. Thence, I have drifted back to the scene of some of my past adventures in the north and northwest of India. About a fortnight since I found myself in a certain district or province (but little known to Europeans) called Kattiawar.

Here an adventure befell me, in which (incredible as it may appear) you are personally interested.

In the wild regions of Kattiawar (and how wild they are you will understand, when I tell you that even the husbandmen plow the land armed to the teeth) the population is fanatically devoted to the old Hindoo religion—to the ancient worship of Brahmah and Vishnu. The few Mohammedan families, thinly scattered about the villages in the interior, are afraid to taste meat of any kind. A Mohammedan even suspected of killing that sacred animal, the cow, is, as a matter of course, put to death without mercy in these parts, by the pious Hindoo neighbors who surround him. To strengthen the religious enthusiasm of the people, two of the most famous shrines of Hindoo pilgrimage are contained within the boundaries of Kattiawar. One of them is Dwarka, the birth-place of the god Krishna. The other is the sacred city of Somnauth—sacked and destroyed, as long since as the eleventh century, by the Mohammedan conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizni.

Finding myself, for the second time, in these romantic regions, I resolved not to leave Kattiawar without looking once more on the magnificent desolation of Somnauth. At the place where I planned to do this, I was (as nearly as I could calculate it) some three days distant, journeying on foot, from the sacred city.

I had not been long on the road before I noticed that other people—by twos and threes—appeared to be traveling in the same direction as myself.

To such of these as spoke to me I gave myself out as a Hindoo-Boodhist, from a distant province, bound on a pilgrimage. It is needless to say that my dress was of the sort to carry out this description. Add, that I know the language as well as I know my own, and that I am lean enough and brown enough to make it no easy matter to detect my European origin—and you will understand that I passed muster with the people readily; not as one of themselves, but as a stranger from a distant part of their own country.

On the second day the number of Hindoos traveling in my direction had increased to fifties and hundreds. On the third day the throng had swollen to thousands; all slowly converging to one point—the city of Somnauth.

A trifling service which I was able to render to one of my fellow-pilgrims during the third day's journey proved the means of introducing me to certain Hindoos of the higher caste. From these men I learned that the multitude was on its way to a great religious ceremony, which was to take place on a hill at a little distance from Somnauth. The ceremony was in honor of the god of the Moon; and it was to be held at night.

The crowd detained us as we drew near to the place of celebration. By the time we reached the hill the moon was high in the heavens. My Hindoo friends possessed some special privileges which enabled them to gain access to the shrine. They kindly allowed me to accompany them. When we arrived at the place we found the shrine hidden from our view by a curtain hung between two magnificent trees. Beneath the trees a flat projection of rock jutted out, and formed a species of natural platform. Below this I stood, in company with my Hindoo friends.

Looking back down the hill, the view presented the grandest spectacle of Nature and Man, in combination, that I have ever seen. The lower slope of the eminence melted imperceptibly into a grassy plain, the place of the meeting of three rivers. On one side the graceful winding of the waters stretched away, now visible, now hidden by trees, as far as the eye could see. On the other the waveless ocean slept in the calm of the night. People this lovely scene with tens of thousands of human creatures, all dressed in white, stretching down the sides of the hill, overflowing into the plain, and fringing the nearer banks of the winding rivers. Light this halt of the pilgrims by the wild red flames of cressets and torches, streaming up at intervals from every part of the innumerable throng. Imagine the moonlight of the East, pouring in unclouded glory over all—and you will form some idea of the view that met me, when I looked forth from the summit of the hill.

A strain of plaintive music, played on stringed instruments and flutes, recalled my attention to the hidden shrine.

I turned, and saw on the rocky platform the figures of three men. In the central figure of the three I recognized the man to whom I had spoken in England, when the Indians appeared on the terrace at Lady Verinder's house. The other two, who had been his companions on that occasion, were no doubt his companions also on this.

One of the Hindoos, near whom I was standing, saw me start. In a whisper he explained to me the apparition of the three figures on the platform of rock.

They were Brahmins (he said) who had forfeited their caste in the service of the god. The god had commanded that their purification should be the purification by pilgrimage. On that night the three men were to part. In three separate directions, they were to set forth as pilgrims to the shrines of India. Never more were they to look on each other's faces. Never more were they to rest on their wanderings, from the day which witnessed their separation to the day which witnessed their death.

As those words were whispered to me the plaintive music ceased. The three men prostrated themselves on the rock, before the curtain which hid the shrine. They rose—they looked on one another—they embraced. Then they descended separately among the people. The people made way for them in dead silence. In three different directions I saw the crowd part at one and the same moment. Slowly the grand, white mass of the people closed together again. The track of the doomed men through the ranks of their fellow-mortals was obliterated. We saw them no more.

A new strain of music, loud and jubilant, rose from the hidden shrine. The crowd around me shuddered and pressed together.

The curtain between the trees was drawn aside, and the shrine was disclosed to view.

There, raised high on a throne, seated on his typical antelope, with his four arms stretching toward the four corners of the earth, there soared above us, dark and awful in the mystic light of heaven, the god of the Moon. And there, in the forehead of the deity, gleamed the yellow Diamond, whose splendor had last shone on me, in England, from the bosom of a woman's dress!

Yes; after the lapse of eight centuries the Moonstone looks forth once more over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began. How it has found its way back to its wild native land—by what accident, or by what crime, the Indians regained possession of their sacred gem—may be in your knowledge, but is not in mine. You have lost sight of it in England, and (if I know any thing of this people) you have lost sight of it forever.

So the years pass, and repeat each other; so the same events revolve in the cycles of Time. What will be the next adventures of the Moonstone? Who can tell?

THE END.

CHILDREN'S SELFISHNESS.

A LOVE of property is generally considered so harmless in a child that it is encouraged rather than controlled. But surely it would be wiser, as well as more in accordance with truth, to bring up a child with the idea that almost all which it enjoys is lent or given to it by others, and that very little is really its own. Out of that little, not out of other people's property, should come the gifts of the child; the constant sharing with others of all which it most enjoys, not being enforced as a painful duty, but permitted as a privilege, without which no good thing would be either truly good or sweet.

There are parents who conscientiously make their children always pick off a little crumb from their cake for the mother, the nurse, or perhaps the elder sister, who has conscientiously received the crumb into their mouths with many grimaces, indicating the immense value and magnitude of the gift, while the little hero who has conferred this vast benefit sits down with satisfaction and gobbles up his huge slice of cake. This is considered to be making the child generous; but alas! how little is this generosity like that which will be required of him afterward, perhaps at some heart-rendering sacrifice, before he can be a truly generous man.

I know of nothing more likely to produce the effect desired with regard to property than the making of an equal distribution, wherever this can be done. The child, I think, should give as much as he takes himself, just as we are required to do in after-life by good manners and good feeling. And here would be another useful lesson, that of teaching the child to share the common lot without complaining, than which there are few lessons more desirable to be learned in early life, few more difficult to learn for the first time in mature age.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

N——, G——, and I were talking of the Western Indians and their tribal relationships, when I remarked that I thought the Kaws were an offshoot of the Dakotas or Sioux. N—— replied that his supposition had always been that the Kaws came from the *Crows*.

Yes, said G——, or from some other *Cause*.

Will the Ethnological Society "make a note on't?"

At one time during the war Captain J——, of the Sixty-third ——, was on duty at Corinth, Miss., as field-officer of the day. An attack from the enemy being considered probable, from some information received, he was sent for by the commanding general during the night, and questioned as to the condition of the grand guards and outposts. He reported promptly that he had just made the rounds of his lines, and found them all in a "*passable*" condition.

OFTEN ON A STRIKE—The lightning.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

"MY DEAR JERUSHA,—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hair of a blacking-brush and brighter than the hues on a humming-bird's pinion, visit me in my slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble-bee under a glass tumbler....Since the light of your face fell upon my life I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my boot straps to the top of a church steeple. Day and night you are my thought. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pin skewered through your waterfall filled me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat, and whiter than seventeen hundred linen. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like cohorts of ants in an old army cracker. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paws, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like young bluebirds out of the parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wind-harp's strain, or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hill-side. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or like hollows in cakes of home-made sugar....I am dying to fly to your presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love as thrifty housewives pour out the hot coffee. As the song-bird hungers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap; as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so I long for thee....If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry-tree or a stage-horse in a green pasture. If you can not reciprocate my thrilling passions I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow long from the hills and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod upon the last resting-place of

"JULIUS EPAMINONDUS MUGGINS."

A RACY COMPARISON.

If lovely maidens will display
Their charms so freely to beholders,
What wonder sporting men should say,
They're winning by a neck and shoulders?

"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon, who had slept all sermon-time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A.? Why, I saw you *nodding assent* to every proposition of the speaker!"

An old lady on a steamboat observed two men pumping up water to wash the deck, and the captain being near by, she accosted him as follows:

"Well, Captain, got a well aboard, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am; always carry one," said the polite captain.

"Well, that's clever. I always disliked this nasty river water, especially in dog-days."

Why is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

A new adage has been suggested: "As the days begin to shorten, the heat begins to hotten." Very applicable to July.

A venerable lady in the hundredth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to condole with her she remarked,

"Oh dear! oh dear! I knew I never should be able to raise that child!"

A surgeon, whose wife is a great scold, being asked what he thought would be the greatest triumph of the surgical art, replied, "To take the jaw out of a scolding woman."

DIGGING FOR MONEY.—"What are you digging for?"

"I am digging for money."

The news fled—idlers collected.

"We are told you are digging for money?"

"Well, I ain't digging for any thing else."

"Have you any luck?"

"First-rate luck—pays very well—you had better take hold."

All doffed their coats and laid hold vigorously for a time. After throwing out some cart-loads the question arose:

"When did you get any money?"

"Last Saturday night."

"Why, how much did you get?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Why, that's rather small"

"It's pretty well—six shillings a day is the price for digging cellars all over the town."

The spades dropped, and the loafers disappeared.

The Democracy, in search of the national plunder, gave up their *Chase*, hoping to *see more* spoils in New York. Their opponents must *Grant* them a ruinous spoil in November.

A gentleman was trout-fishing on the sides of "Old Saddleback," a mountain in the interior of Maine, a hundred miles from the coast. Supposing himself ten miles from a village, and half as far from a house, he was surprised by hearing the blows of an axe. Soon he came to a small clearing, where the proprietor of the axe surveyed him with some curiosity.

"Hallo, stranger!" said he.

"How are you, Sir?"

"Well, now, stranger, where be you from?"

"I'm from New York."

"From New York! Why, I should think you'd hate to live so fur off."

"Ah, must we part? my poor, poor heart
Will pine in mute despair;
Oh! ere you go, to cheer my woe,
Leave one lock of thy hair!"

Alfred replied: "It can not be"—
And his tears came rolling big—
"I've not a lock to spare for thee;
Dearest, I wear a wig!"

The first apple was eaten by the first pair.

"Young man, what's the price of this silk?" asked a deaf old lady.

"Seven dollars," was the reply.

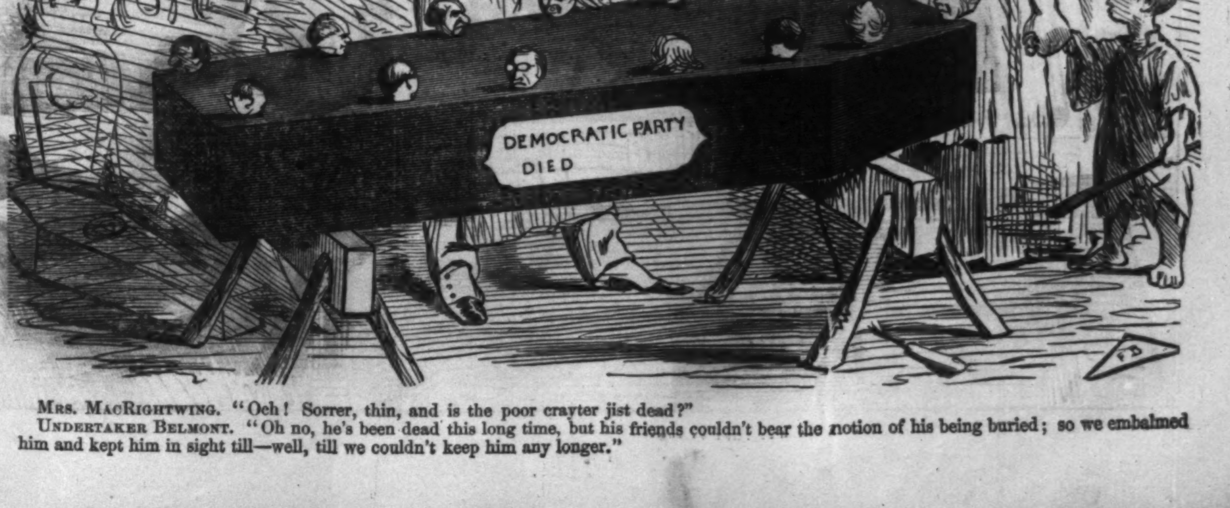
"Seventeen dollars!" exclaimed she; "I'll give you thirteen."

"Seven dollars, ma'am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman.

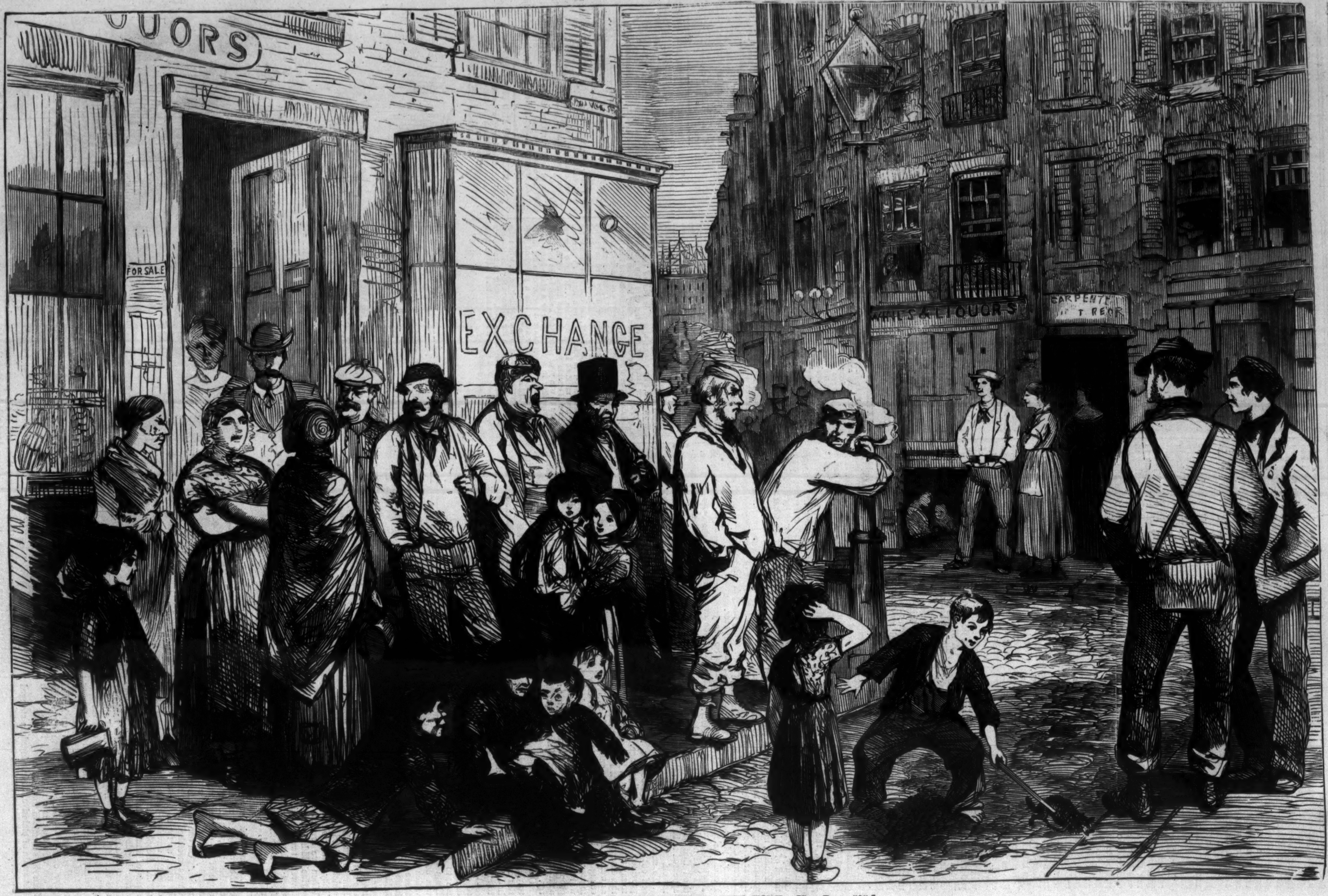
"Oh, seven dollars," replied the lady, sharply, "I'll give you five."

RITUALIST AND SPIRITUALIST.

The one, always restless,
Inclineth to Rome;
The other, more staid,
Is contented with—Home.



MRS. MACRIGHTWING. "Och! Sorrer, thin, and is the poor crayter jist dead?"
UNDERTAKER BELMONT. "Oh no, he's been dead this long time, but his friends couldn't bear the notion of his being buried; so we embalmed him and kept him in sight till—well, till we couldn't keep him any longer."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SUNDAY MORNING IN THE FOURTH WARD, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 505.]

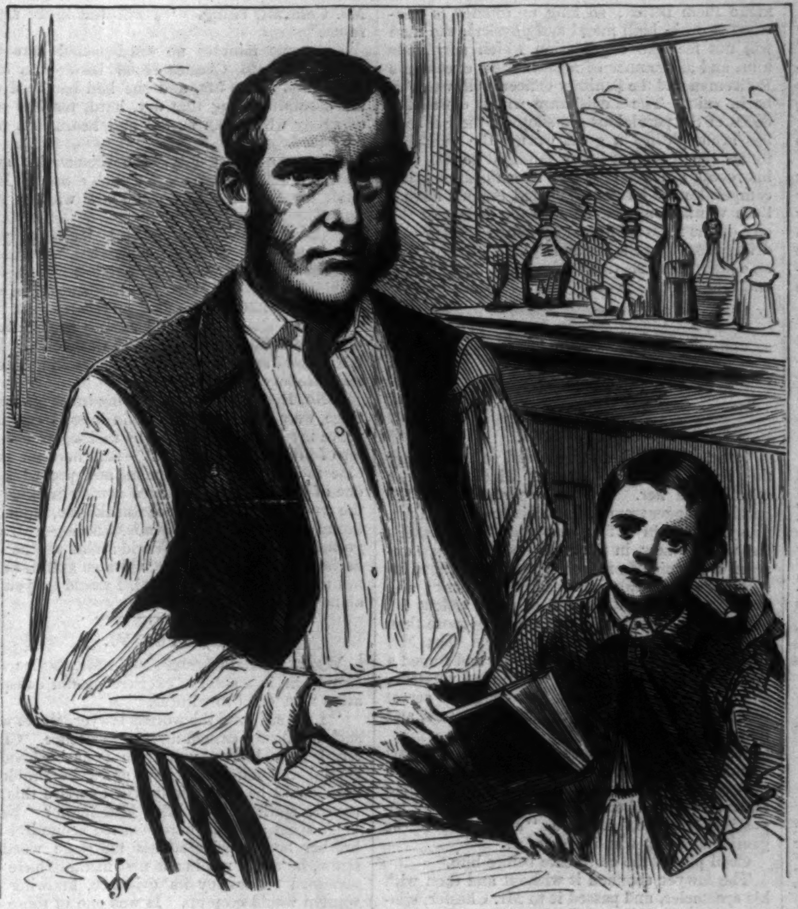
THE "WICKEDEST MAN" AS HE IS.

One of our New York city reporters has lately been exciting the sympathies of citizens and the curiosity of friends at a distance by a highly-colored sensational account of **John Allen**, the keeper of a low dance-house in Water Street, who is designated as "the wickedest man in New York." The story, told with the perfect art of a practiced sensational paragraphist, has been widely circulated and extensively believed.

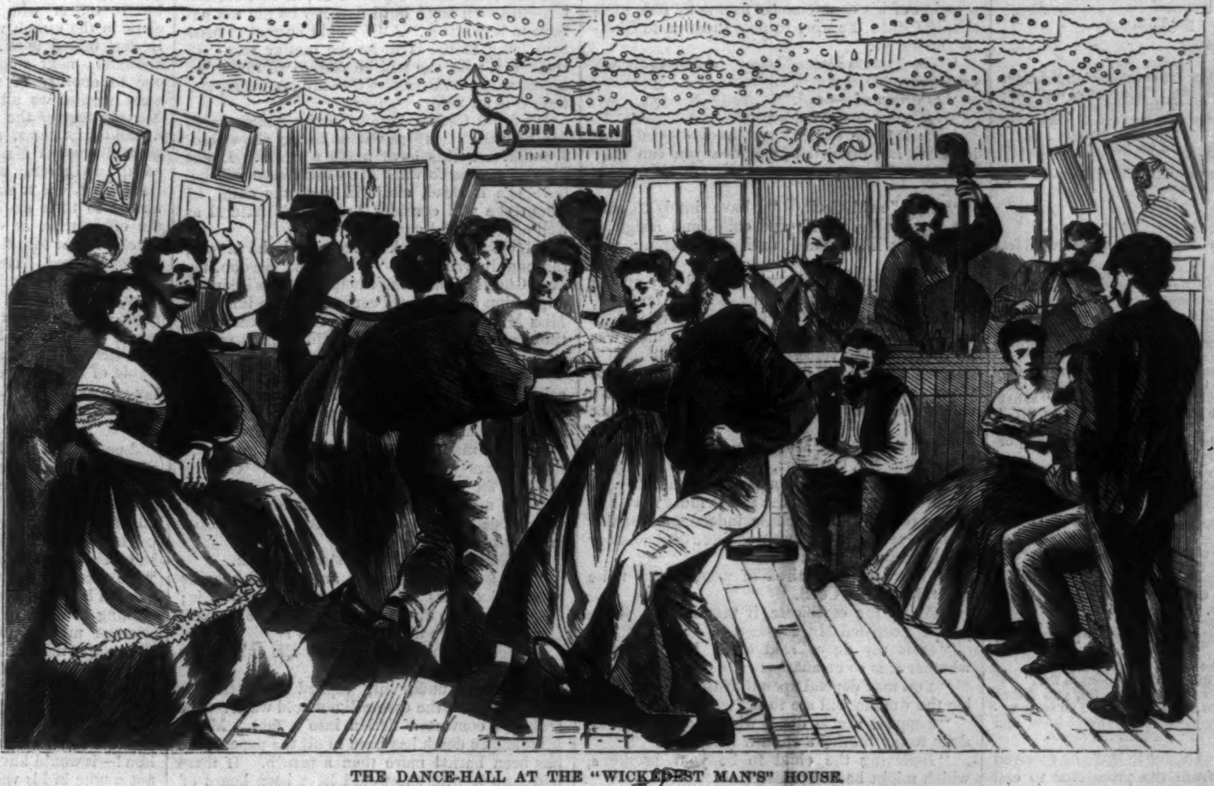
It really contains not more than a grain of truth, and that grain is distorted and discolored until it is not recognizable. The fact is that **John Allen** is probably no worse, and certainly no better, than his peculiar class. He is the keeper of one of the lowest of the many vile haunts for sailors to be found in this as in every great maritime city; and he deliberately, calculatingly, and cunningly, makes money by the prostitution of women and the drunkenness of men. He is a man with some little education, for the most part picked up from newspapers and the current literature of the day; but he is superior in this respect only to the men in the same line of business, and far inferior in general intelligence to the majority of our mechanics. He is without moral sentiments, and never had a religious idea; he reads religious papers, tracts, books, hymns, etc., apparently only for the purpose of making a display and exhibition of his knowledge, just as negro minstrels sometimes amuse the thoughtless by burlesques of religious exercises. He is a powerful man, and his roughest visitors hold him in awe; being a shrewd man, he knows the importance of keeping an orderly house, and it is due to him to say that *he* enforces order in his house and vicinity. He is as good as an extra policeman in his block, and hence the certain amount of respect in which the police hold him. Our sensationally-disposed friend, with a number of missionaries, visited and saw the man and his establishment under peculiar circumstances. When any member of the Health Board, which possesses certain powers and much influence with the Police Commissioners, visits his house, **John Allen** naturally makes it look as clean and healthy as possible; when any of the various city missionaries, who have their influence also with the Police Commissioners, call, he "puts on his religious face," as he expresses it, and makes his establishment appear as respectable and moral as possible.

These were the ideas which he expressed to this writer when he, with an artist, called to see and portray the house and the man just as they are. In fact it was the doleful burden of his whole conversation that Mr. **Dyer**, his biographer, had painted him too white. He seemed to feel, and certainly argued, that he, unlike another individual who keeps an extensive dance-house in even hotter regions than Water Street, was blacker than he was painted. We can not quote all the language which he used in expressing this idea to us.

"Mr. **Dyer**," he said, very nearly as we give it here, though not *verbatim*, oaths, indecency, and all, "Mr. **Dyer** saw my place under peculiar circumstances. When a gentleman comes here we endeavor to treat him right. We try to entertain each man in the way he likes best; if a minister comes, we can sing hymns with him, and he can hear **Chester** say his Catechism; but we've got liquor, and there's the women for them as has the stamps to spend that way. (Mother! mother!" he exclaimed to his wife, as a couple of men walked through the outer room into the dance-hall—a sort of cage where the women seemed to be confined like wild beasts—"a couple of drinks for these gentlemen.") Then he returned to his argument with us, telling of the performances at night, taking care to impress on our minds the fact that they were very different from those which the ministers witnessed, and illustrating the style of his evening visitors by imitations of their drunken manner, and quotations from their filthy and profane language.



JOHN ALLEN, THE "WICKEDEST MAN," AND HIS SON CHESTER.



THE DANCE-HALL AT THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" HOUSE.

He denounced Mr. **Dyer** very roundly, and spoke of him with great contempt as a "sensation writer." He objected to being called "the wickedest man in New York."

"I am not the wickedest man," he said. "I do a great deal more for the poor than the sensation writers, any how. I feed the hungry and clothe the naked. I give away all my cast-off clothing, and I've taken many a poor fellow to Chatham Street and bought him shoes. And I let 'em sleep here by the stove on cold nights. My neighbors will tell you that there ain't a more charitable man in the street than **John Allen**."

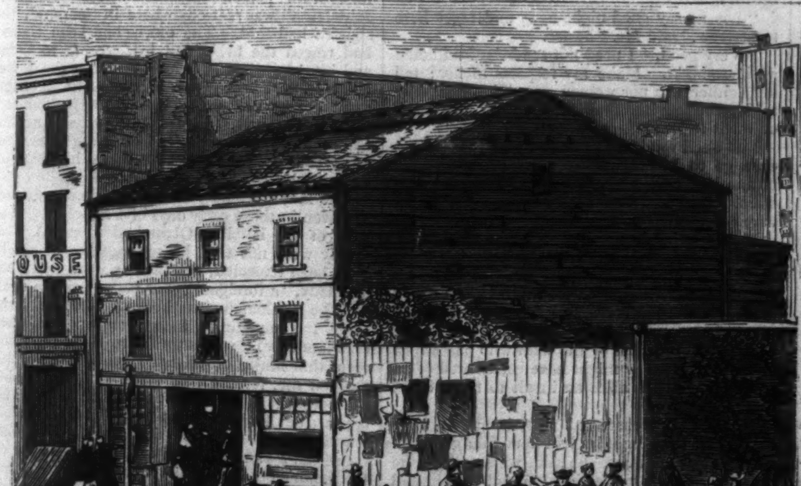
And certainly the neighbors—police, merchants, and all—say **John Allen** is a quiet, peaceful, law-abiding, generous, and charitable man.

"And Mr. **Dyer** speaks of my house as if it was a den of prostitution," he said, suddenly, after a brief conversation with a drunken peddler who had stopped at the door to pass the compliments of the morning, and swear a while at a truckman who had "insulted" him. "It's nothing of the kind. It's a boarding-house—just like yours," he added to our artist, thereby causing that gentleman to wince a little, and then blandly smile his appreciation of the remark. "The women pay their board just as you do. Many of them are old, and don't make money and can't pay; but I never turn 'em out into the street on that account. They pay in what they make, and do odd chores about the house. The other women who make more, pay their board and spend the rest for clothes—" And then, as if suspecting some one would suggest it, he quickly added, "and whisky."

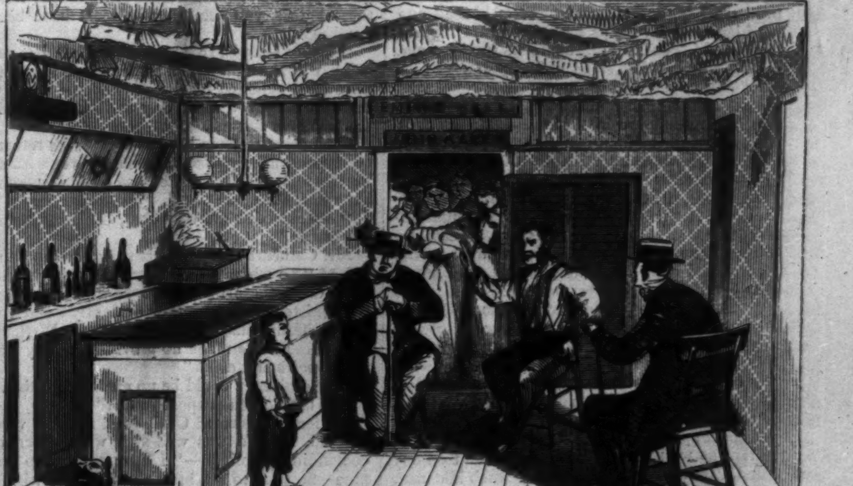
Apparently the most of it went for whisky, for the several women that we saw had very little clothing upon their persons, and a great deal of the peculiar color that comes from excessive drinking in their faces. They were old, ugly, haggard, bestial, and toothless—"One set of teeth to seven women," suggested a companion—and generally pitiable beyond expression.

Allen was asked in regard to his promise to Commissioner **Acton** to quit the business.

"I did promise," he said. "Mr. **Acton** sent for me to come to head-quarters. I went up, and there I found **Dyer** with him. I had made up my mind not to speak to **Dyer** again because of his misstatements about me, but there I was face to face with him, and *I* would not run away. Mr. **Acton** asked me if I would quit the business, and after a while I said I would, and promised to quit by May 1, or sooner if I could. And I will," he added, emphatically, "for the *business is ruined*. I'm overrun by people that



EXTERIOR OF THE "WICKEDEST MAN'S" HOUSE.



THE "WICKEDEST MAN" CATECHISING LITTLE CHESTER.

come here to look at me, as if I was a wild beast. They bore me to death, and don't spend any money. I have to see hundreds of them a day."

This last remark was meant for a clerical-looking gentleman, who had entered the room a few minutes previously. He had come, as he said, to pay his respects to Mr. ALLEN, and say how much he admired him for his determination to quit the business.

"I'm much obliged to you," replied JOHN ALLEN, extending his hand. "We always try to treat our friends right. I've had a good many visitors lately. I'm always glad to see all them that come to spend their stamps. I don't care much to see any others. The fact is," he added, in an under-tone to the writer, "I'm bored to death by just such fellows."

As we had not come to "spend any stamps," I suggested to the artist to take the hint and leave. He remained, however, to witness the examination of the boy, little CHESTER, which was announced as the next feature in the entertainment. This writer, having very little disposition for any further performances, took his leave. The rest of the story is from the pen of the artist:

"Want to see what the boy knows, do yer?" said ALLEN, to the group of wonder-seekers which had congregated in his little outside bar. "CHESTER, come in here!" he shouted, to an active assister in a juvenile gutter-game going on just in front of "EMPIRE HALL." The boy came at once, but was somewhat retarded in his movement by a disposition on the part of his nether garment to fall about his heels. "Stretch yourself, Sir!" said ALLEN; and the boy quickly inverted himself and stood on his head with bare toes clutching at the edge of the top of the bar-counter.

"Up with yer!" shouted ALLEN, again. "Want yer to talk; and mind yer look the gentleman there square in the eye, too! Speak up! Le's hear yer! Who's the first man?"

"Adam, Sir."

"And what's the first woman's name?"

"Eve, Sir."

"D'she have any children, and what's the oldest one's name?"

"Cain, Sir."

"What did he do?"

"Killed Abel, Sir."

"What did the Lord do ter him?"

"Put the mark of sin on his brow."

"Can't hear yer, can't hear yer!" roared ALLEN; and the boy exerted himself anew, answering promptly a number of Biblical questions. "What der yer believe?" shouted ALLEN. "Give us yer creed, CHESTER!" The boy at once repeated the Creed without a single mistake.

"Lem me see now," said ALLEN, seating himself. "CHESTER, yer know geography and something about a good many things. How many teeth's a man got?"

"Thirty-two, Sir."

"An' how many's a boy got?"

"Twenty-four, Sir."

"An' how's a baby off?"

"Ain't got none, Sir."

It is unnecessary to follow the examination through. Several questions in Natural Philosophy were answered promptly and in the main correctly. History was the next subject under consideration; in that study the child's school report must be very perfect.

"How many Presidents have we had?"

"Eighteen."

"And, CHESTER, yer know whether there was any Masons among the Presidents?"

"Yes, Sir, all but one was."

"What's his name?"

"FILLMORE, Sir."

"Give us a Bible story, sing us a song, an' we'll let you off."

CHESTER paused a moment; then told how Samson was the strongest man, and gave some account of the use that he made of his strength.

"Mr. ALLEN," remarked a reverend visitor, in a voice tremblingly earnest, "take care of that boy. Do not ruin his life as you have thus far ruined your own. How old is he, Mr. ALLEN?"

ALLEN deigned the gentleman no reply, but quietly asked: "How old yer, CHESTER?" "Six years old, Sir!" "When, Sir?" "27th of May last, Sir!" "What time?" "Half past nine o'clock in the morning, Sir!"

"But," continued the clergyman, "does the little boy know what he has been telling us as a parrot, or does he comprehend what he has learned?"

"Give me that paper," quoth ALLEN to one of the persons near him; "yer know the boy never saw it. Take that paper, CHESTER! Want to hear what there is in it."

The child read with facility, and quite as rapidly as most boys of ten or twelve years of age, four or five paragraphs, containing words that children are prone to believe were placed in the spelling-book to promote discomfort and deteriorate their school reports.

"Now sing us a song, CHESTER," said ALLEN, taking the paper from the boy. "Reb first; then give us a Union one. Set yer own key if you like," he added, as the boy looked inquiringly at him, "an' I'll help yer."

The child hummed the scale, struck a note.

"Too low," said ALLEN. "Want 'bout G flat."

The next trial proved to be successful, and father and son sang "Rally round the Flag." The song finished, CHESTER was remunerated by the visitors, and permitted by his father to "git into the street."

When our artist was about to leave he received a cordial invitation from the proprietor to call again. It is the usual invitation of JOHN ALLEN to his friends, and for the benefit of himself and his friends we give it as he uttered it. "Come in to-night," he said; "come in to-night and see the dancing, and *bring plenty of stamps with you.*"

Such is this man and his house; our account and illustrations are by no means exaggerated; the portrait of the man is a photograph, and the picture of his character is drawn from life; the house—exterior and interior—is truthfully portrayed; and what makes the story still more painful is the fact that it is the true story of numberless other men and places in this city. There are dozens of such places along the wharves in the Fourth and other down-town wards, and life in that district is horrible beyond description. Perhaps the illustrations by Mr. STANLEY FOX of ALLEN'S establishment, and the large picture on page 504 of "Sunday-morning in the Fourth Ward," will give the reader an idea of what we can not express in words. The dwellers in country places and small cities have no idea how the lives of hundreds of thousands of creatures pent up in New York are thus wasted. Such groups as we represent are to be found on any Sunday or holiday morning. Just such idle men, slatternly women, and ragged, unkempt children, crowd round the closed doors of the public houses, and loll against the walls, or play in the gutters. There is little or no escape for them into better scenes than their own alleys, courts, and lanes, fetid and vile, in spite of sanatory laws and Health Officers. They must always be so as long as the dwellers therein have no wish to make them better; so long as infancy is educated in filth, both moral and physical, the man will not feel the degradation which surrounds him, and all manner of missionaries, except the Policeman and the Sanitary Officer, will, we fear, be in vain. The Legislature which closed the doors of the pernicious gin-shop on the Sabbath has accomplished a great work; the one that forces the tenement-house landlord to see that his rooms are not crowded to suffocation, that compels him to let his suffocated tenants have a little ventilation, that empties the cellars of the city of the mass of humanity stored therein and drives them into the air and light, will have done an equally good service to the cause of humanity and religion.

A WOMAN'S JUSTICE.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN the gentlemen returned to the library they found Cecil seated, Major Middleton's desk open before her. She was very pale, but her hands no longer trembled, nor did her voice falter. She recalled, in a few sentences, her brother's last words—how, in the first instance, he had exacted a promise from her to destroy without inspecting *every thing* contained in that desk; and how that, afterward, in one of those violent fits of irritation to which he was subject—more than usually increased by the knowledge that Mr. Chester had been in the house—he had forced a promise from her that she would read whatever she found there. Then, unfastening the secret recess, she produced the miniatures, letters, and marriage certificate.

It was curious to observe how Mr. Cathcart warmed to his work the moment he scented a mystery. He looked at the miniature; he had known Cecil and her brother all their lives. "No possible mistake," he said, "as to who is the gentleman; but who is the lady?"

Cecil placed the certificate before him.

The lawyer scanned it without and then with his spectacles, and passed it to Mr. Chester, simply saying, "Awkward!" He then read the letters. Nothing could be gathered from the expression of his countenance, as one by one, after asking Cecil if he were to pass them on to Chester, he did so.

"The witness Dacre?" inquired Mr. Cathcart, carelessly.

"Is drowned—dead."

Mr. Cathcart twirled a pen.

"There!" he said; "you have obeyed your brother's last injunction; and now you can obey his first. These papers need give you no uneasiness."

"True," said Cecil. "I have simply to seek out my brother's wife and child, and resign to them what I imagined, until this evening, was mine."

Mr. Cathcart laid his two hands firmly on the edge of the table, fixed his eyes steadily on Cecil, pushed himself back in his chair, while Cecil spoke. She became deathly white, but there was no tremor in her voice.

Ronald Chester moved as if he were going to place his hand on those of Cecil, which were clasped together on the table; but he did not do it.

"My dear Miss Middleton, my dear young lady," said Mr. Cathcart, "you can not, surely, be serious? Any woman can sign herself 'your affectionate wife;' and the major must have had strong reasons, strong cause, indeed, against this—this—person to have written these denunciatory words across so fair a face."

"When men are tired of women they write any thing," said Cecil.

"As to the certificate, it may be only waste paper," persisted Mr. Cathcart.

"It is my duty," said Cecil, "to ascertain whether it is so or not."

"You may depend upon it, if the case is tangible the woman will see to it."

"Suppose she is dead, who is to see justice done to my brother's child if I do not?"

"Believing the child to be your brother's, which might be questioned."

"I thought of that," said Cecil. "But from these letters, you see, the fact must have been admitted."

"Really"—and Mr. Cathcart smiled that peculiarly doubting lawyer's smile, which seems to have been patented by the profession—"really, my dear lady, you seem very anxious to get rid of your good fortune."

Cecil shivered from head to foot. She returned the melancholy gaze of Ronald's eyes with an intense look of love. When she could command her voice, she said:

"Justice costs me very dear, but I must render justice."

Mr. Cathcart shrugged his shoulders, and inquired "To whom?—To yourself and my friend here, or to these mysterious personages, whose very existence your brother evidently desired to ignore, until seized upon by—by— Well, no matter. But *he* made no provision in any way for his *wife* and *child*."

"His injustice could be no excuse for mine."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I fear," answered Cecil—and now her voice faltered, for she was well-nigh worn down by contending emotions—"I have nothing to propose—no *plan* to set before you; but I wish to discover Mrs. Middleton and her child. *You* will know how to set about it. I also wish those documents copied, I retaining the originals. I want this done at once, and I have not strength to copy them myself; the last four or five hours have unnerved me."

"You had better speak with Miss Middleton on this subject before it goes any further," said Mr. Cathcart, rising. "I will wait in the next room."

For some minutes no word passed between them. Ronald Chester stood beside the one love of his whole life, and she laid her head on his bosom, sobbing that dry, hard, tearless sob of agony which can be felt and heard, but not described.

"It was a dreary duty," she whispered, "and oh the cruelty of leaving me such a task! Ronald, my love, my life, you know what is my duty."

"Clearly, Cecil," he replied, "clearly, you are doing what is right, and what is honest. My noble Cecil! Never so fondly loved, never so highly honored, as at this moment when we are torn asunder!"

With a sharp cry Cecil sprang to her feet, threw back her head, and to the last day of his life Ronald never forgot the light bursting like a sudden glory through her tears.

"No, Ronald, not that. If my brother's marriage were legal, and his child lives, I can not prove my love and homage by making you master of Middleton Lea. But"—and here the heroine melted into the woman, and proved how one of her brother's poisoned arrows rankled in the wound—"you will not forsake me, Ronald; though I am faded, our love is unfading—we will go together to the New World: *that* will be our harbor of refuge, there we will love and live and toil together. Did you think I would let you go alone?"

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Ronald Chester sought Mr. Cathcart he found him in a state of excitement and exasperation wonderful to witness.

"I never," said the worthy lawyer, "met with such an absurd case in all my experience. Chester, I have known you from your boyhood, a capital common-sense fellow, and as honorable as man could be, you surely will exorcise this romantic spirit out of Miss Middleton? Now, don't speak; if that hard-hearted scoundrel her brother had considered his marriage worth a straw, he would not in the first instance have determined to destroy its evidence, knowing the woman would crop up. It was one of those entanglements of which I dare say he had plenty, but which he did not believe in; if he had, the boy—his own boy! but I dare say he did not believe in him either. All I would entreat of Miss Middleton to do, is to let the matter rest. If there is a wife she will be certain to make her appearance; let her bring forward her claim, and then it is for us to dispute it."

"I know Cecil's sense of justice," interrupted Mr. Chester. "If the wife is living, she would, I think, ere this have made a claim. If she does not come forward Miss Middleton will believe she is dead, and will seek the child, of whom she will consider herself the natural as well as the lawful guardian."

"Lawful fiddlestick!" exclaimed the lawyer, thoroughly irritated. "I beg your pardon, my dear Chester, but I can't help it. This is simply a question of law. Of course you can influence Miss Middleton. She has no right to know any thing about that wife and child until a proper claim is made."

"But she *does* know it," said Mr. Chester, calmly, "and I know *her*. If she can find that child, and he is legitimate, she will retreat on her five thousand pounds."

"What madness! Give up all claim to that noble property—to what?—to whom? Give up her love for you—"

"No, my good friend, that has nothing to do with property, except the property we have each in the other."

Mr. Cathcart paused and stared at him.

"All I ask is to let time and the law take its course; let Miss Middleton remain as she is; take no steps to discover the child or the woman. Can she not give the law fair play?"

"Cecil does not think of law; she only thinks of justice," said Chester.

"That's an unfair hit," replied Mr. Cathcart; "but I tell you the case will not hold water. She seeks to convert a fiction into a fact. Major Middleton's death has been in all the papers; he has been buried more than a month. If there had been a wife she would have been heard of before now."

"Let us say good-night now, and meet here to-morrow," said Mr. Chester.

"Very good. I need not see Miss Middleton again to-night. Make my respects to her; tell her neither men nor women ever did any good by taking the law into their own hands. All I ask of her is to let matters have their course."

But Cecil would not do that. She would not even go to Middleton Lea until every possible means had been used to trace the woman and child, whom she felt assured had been foully wronged.

If those who do not believe in the nobility of soul that makes man only "a little lower than the angels" could have seen the earnestness with which Ronald Chester entered into Cecil's views and seconded her endeavors to trace the unfortunate woman who, either with or without cause, had been abandoned by the man who had sworn to protect her, they might have been cured of an infidelity which is alike an insult to the created and the creator.

Mr. Cathcart confessed that, insane as they both were, their insanity had done him good.

"My belief, Sir, is," he said, when talking the case over with a professional friend (for it had "oozed out" and become matter of interest, either as something to praise or blame, but at all events something to wonder at and talk about), "my belief, Sir, is that Miss Middleton will have as much happiness in what she considers 'rendering justice' as she would have had in taking possession of Middleton Lea. Now, suppose this child is discovered—which I devoutly hope it never will be—with a dancing or a singing woman for its mother—that exquisite, delicate creature, and that high-hearted man, will set off to the New World, calling themselves (and at their age too, for the lady is past thirty) rich in each other's love. Yes, and believing it, too; *believing it*, Sir!

"Miss Middleton, Sir, is the victim of the wildest dream of justice that ever disturbed a woman's brain! All I entreated of her was to wait until the wife made a claim. It is not one woman in ten who understands reason; but what makes the matter more aggravating is, Miss Middleton *does*—on every subject but this. I am very glad that such justice is not contagious, for if it was," concluded Mr. Cathcart, taking off his spectacles, and speaking in a confidential low tone to his friend, "as Ronald had the truthful impudence to tell me, there would be an end to law. However, Sir, for all that (this is strictly between you and me), it does one good to see that noble woman's disinterestedness, and know that it is real and true. It is more refreshing than a cruise to Norway in the long vacation! Selfishness, Sir, is the curse of this age of electro-plate and stucco, and yet here, Sir, are a full-grown man and woman who have no idea of the sensation!"

Certainly Mr. Cathcart had never so unwillingly placed himself in communication with the police as he presently proceeded to do. Cecil, not satisfied with what she believed would be the coldness of his instructions, saw the detective officer who was to be employed in this delicate investigation, and quickened his perceptions with the hope of a handsome reward if he succeeded. Of course she was beset with friends and advisers, who held with Mr. Cathcart that it would have been wiser to have taken possession and waited. It was astonishing how all degrees of "friendliness" encircled the heiress and her betrothed—every suggestion being "for her good." She listened with the calm and gentle courtesy inseparable from her nature, but remained firm and faithful to what she considered justice.

CHAPTER VII.

HOURS and days passed anxiously and heavily, bringing hardly any information from the detective officer who accompanied the lawyer's clerk in the search which Cecil had so promptly determined upon. One week they were in Scotland; next week they were drifting from one to another of the Channel Islands, after what seemed to all but Cecil a forlorn hope. Yet the fact of the marriage, and the fact that a child was born, seemed established—to the great disgust of Mr. Cathcart. A clew gathered up in Guernsey sent the two men to Baden-Baden, whence a strange wild story was transmitted to their employers. This story was to the effect that, at what they called "a grand hotel," Major Middleton's last visit was perfectly remembered. He was accompanied by a delicate blue-eyed blonde, as tiny and fantastic as a fairy, and who sang like an angel; but who, one night after a concert, disappeared with a Russian tenor, who married her next morning. This did not disconcert the major in the least; during the whole of the following day he was the gayest of the gay at all the places

> Where men do congregate,

and patronized the Russian tenor's next concert in a very liberal manner. He had created too marked a reputation for eccentricity during former seasons to admit of the possibility of a mistake as to his identity.

The beautiful blonde (thus the story ran on) had made a confidante of the lady who sat at "the receipt of custom" at the hotel, and had assured her that, even if he had been a free man, nothing would have induced her to marry "cette sauvage magnifique, Major Middleton." She had made that little excursion with him from sheer pity. "Madame Middleton," whom she described as being fierce as "Vesuvius," "dark as night," and in bad health, had altogether made life so triste for the poor major, that in pity she gave him a little variety, but to marry him!—it would have been too absurd—"he had not a note in his voice!" Of course inquiry was made if this person had stated where "Madame Middleton" was? Somewhere in Scotland, the signora had said. The officer had been there; had traced the bride and bridegroom to Oban and into the wilds of Arasaig, where the latter had established renown as a fisherman and cragsman, daring and doing what the Highlanders could not achieve. Cecil's cheek paled, and her tears fell at the record of her brother's vices; but her eyes brightened when she found his feats of courage and strength unforgotten.

The lady's beauty was also well remembered, and even in those early days of wedlock, the mistress of the hotel at Oban had observed, that "they were not that loving together as might have been expected, seeing they were just wed. The lady, 'a foreigner, poor body,' cried a deal, and the gentleman never heeded. She was 'awsome' too, sometimes, in her tempers, and she" (the landlady) "was sorry for baith." It would seem that Major Middleton soon wearied of his wedded life, for the next time he was traced—there were now no footprints of his wife—he reappeared at Baden. It was evident that he had left the lady he had married, and that he had conceived a violent hatred toward her. One of the major's brother officers, hearing of the investigation, called on Mr. Cathcart, and suggested that perhaps she might be discovered in a lunatic asylum, for the major once, and once only, had mentioned to him what he called his "miserable marriage" (they had been close comrades as brothers during the Crimean war), and had distinctly stated that she was insane. "But surely," Cecil said, "if that were the case, there would have been some trace of the fact—she must have been paid for in some asylum. And the child! Her brother could not have left his own child without provision.

Instead of enlightening this communication perplexed even the keen-witted lawyer. So confident did Cecil become that both mother and child were alive that she prepared for her intended emigration, making all necessary arrangements for the well-doing of Middleton Lea—as though she were its agent, not its owner. Gradually her friendly advisers dropped into mere acquaintances—hardly that. She had cast herself from her high estate by her own act, and out of the established mode and circle of her race. She was monstrously eccentric. Some whose advice had failed to make an impression on her considered her conduct as an unmarried lady highly indelicate.

Then Mr. Chester's friends gradually cooled down to nodding and "how-d'ye-doing," and in course of time became near-sighted when they met him. Some declared they thought a man little better than "a fool" who could not manage to make a woman who loved him do any thing he pleased; others sneered at the poor-spirited idea of giving up such a place as Middleton Lea! when any fellow with common-sense could have "turned the wind." A few above the common herd understood and appreciated Cecil's justice, and respected Chester for the freedom of heart and conduct he awarded to his betrothed. His independent spirit yearned to be the architect of its own fortune, and he would have accepted hers only because he could not have had her without it. There are some such nobly loving hearts still in the world, thank God!

Mr. Cathcart at length declared that every thing had been done that could be done; that every stone had been turned that could be turned, except one: an advertisement for the missing ones might be inserted in the newspapers; but Cecil shrank from *that*, it was such an exposure of her brother's vices, such a reflection on her brother's memory. She dwelt with intense pain on what she felt to be a thousand times worse than the suffering her brother's selfishness and caprices had obliged her to endure—the heartlessness and cruelty of thus abandoning his wife and child. His hardness, his tyranny, his bitter taunts were all buried with him; but this living proof of a thoroughly heartless nature wounded her beyond endurance and ate into her heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

Winter was

"Lingering in the lap of May."

Cecil believed as firmly as ever that her brother's wife and child would be discovered, and as firmly as ever refused to assume a position to which she had no claim. Time was passing, and Ronald Chester must either go abroad or relinquish the prospect that promised brightly for the future.

It was noon, the noon of what would be a long, sunless day, calling but faint odors from the early flowers; the wind wavering between east and west; little gray clouds drifting beneath a hazy sky.

Cecil's first act when she entered the library was to shut down the window, and, though the room was due south, to draw up the blind. There was no sun to exclude. The fatal ebony desk stood in its old place. She drew a chair to the table, arranged paper and envelopes, and sat, pen in hand, not writing, but looking upward as if awaiting help to arrange and express her thoughts.

Suddenly her reverie was broken by a knock at the door. South, her old, faithful servant, in answer to his mistress's "Come in," entered, and, white and trembling, advanced to the table and grasped the back of a chair with both hands, looking earnestly at her.

"What is it, South? Why do you not speak?"

"In a minute, Miss Cecil. Just one minute to get my breath and set how to begin. I don't see how to believe my eyes or ears. I wish Mr. Chester was on the spot; and Mr. Cathcart says to me, as if I did not know it, 'Miss Middleton is an angel,' he says; 'only she shouldn't go against the nature of things, South, he says—'"

"Never mind what Mr. Cathcart said, South; that can not have agitated you."

"No, Miss Cecil; but he's below. He is in my pantry this blessed minute. I know he is; for he has as many turns in him as an eel; so, to make sure, I locked him in, and there's the key," added South, triumphantly. "The scamp!"

"Are you in your senses, South? Are you speaking of Mr. Cathcart?"

"No, ma'am; but my brain is moydered, and no wonder. It's that scamp of the world, Charles, Miss Cecil—Charles—Charley Dacre, that dared to say I was jealous of him—Charles, that knew all the ins and outs, the bads and goods, of him that's gone, that I told you was sent to America—the poor Master's pad-groom; and sure, if he had a mind to come from the bottom of the sea, where so many honest boys are drowned, he might have done it at once, and spared us all the trouble and bother we've had—not to count the expense, and keeping you out of your rights. I never was glad to set eyes on Charley Dacre before; but the minute I saw him I thought what was on the road, and that we should get the rights of every thing at last. There's hardly an ounce of flesh on his bones, nor yet a decent rag on his back, and he says he hasn't as much as would bury him!"

"South," exclaimed Cecil, breathlessly, rising from her chair, "I do not care to hear that; I want to hear about my brother's wife; he was present at the marriage?"

"He was, Miss, and at something else, too; only sit down, dear mistress, till I get out what—May I be forgiven for it, I'm a proud man to have heard! He was present *at the poor lady's funeral*, and what's more, he saw the last of the child, which died before its mother; and the mother never riz her head after that, nor, says Charley Dacre, went into tantrums nor desperation, but settled into melancholy madness, and the major put her into a lunatic asylum, and paid for her handsomely, though he would never see her after the birth of the baby, which he disowned. And when she died she was buried with her child. Oh, Miss Cecil! sure it's not fainting you are?"

Cecil did not faint. She told South to get her a glass of water, and not speak again for a few minutes. When he left the room her trembling heart echoed her murmured thanksgiving:

"Lord, I thank thee that my brother's memory is purified from the great sin that was pressing me into my grave!"

In less than two hours Charles Dacre was beneath the harrow of Mr. Cathcart's cross-examination, and the same evening the clear-headed old lawyer journeyed only a few miles out of London, to the asylum where the poor lady died, and to the church-yard where she had been buried in the same grave with her child. It is one of the unexplained readings of corrupt nature that the men who are most zealous and indefatigable in the destruction of female virtue are always the most violent against the woman whom they suspect of infidelity to themselves. Whatever cause produced Major Middleton's hatred of the woman whom he loved after his fashion well enough to marry, never came to light.

Dacre, when questioned on the point, only answered that Major Middleton was a very particular gentleman—very particular—especially when he began to get a little tired of a lady. But Mrs. Middleton was a foreigner, and as fond of liberty as the major himself, and very "wild-like" from first to last. He never knew who she was, or where she came from. Master seemed to think a great deal of her at first, and at one time told him their next move should be to Middleton Lea; but they soon got to be very unhappy. She was the only lady his master was ever afraid of. He used to swear she was mad; and so she was (Dacre thought) from the very first, off and on. Mr. Cathcart repeated this to Cecil, who entreated that no more questions should be asked. All that was necessary to be known was known. Her brother had not deserted either wife or child, and the past should be buried with them. It was as dishonorable to pry into the secrets of the dead as of the living. Dacre should have a sum of money to enable him to go where he pleased, and she—*they*—would take possession of Middleton Lea after their marriage; that is, when they returned from their wedding tour.

The worthy lawyer astonished South by rushing into the dining-room and shaking him by the hand; "as cordially," said South, when he repeated it in the pride of his heart, "as if I was a gentleman!"

"South," said Mr. Cathcart, "I look upon a faithful servant as a family friend, and you have been in the family twenty years. My blood boils when I think of the wicked cruelty that obliged her to see those letters."

"He could not help it, Sir," said South, "no more than a cat can help torturing before it destroys. To think of them two being children of the same parents, Sir!"

"And to think now of her and her husband's long-deferred happiness, South. Heaven bless them both! Nevertheless, a word in your ear, South." The lawyer's eyes twinkled as he whispered it. "I hope I shall never have in my office, as long as I live and stick to business, another case of Woman's Justice, South!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Did you ever chance to spend any portion of your summer rusticating-time under the same roof with a youthful victim of Trout-fishing fever? Perhaps not; and then you can not be familiar with all the phases of this disease. It is a contagious epidemic, though not of the malignant class. It makes its appearance early in the season, and spreads with fearful rapidity in the vicinity of ponds and running brooks. Ladies rarely suffer from its visitations; its most numerous victims are boys and young men, although violent cases have occurred among those on the shady side of fifty; and even boy babies have shown marked indications of the disease. The most prominent symptoms of Trout-fishing fever, as exhibited in a boy of from ten to fourteen, are great restlessness and excitement at the mere mention of a brook or pond; and the sight of such bodies of water throws him into violent fits, analogous to, though not as distressing to witness, as those experienced by the victim of hydrophobia. He jumps wildly about, dances and screams, and no relief is obtained until he is allowed to dip a line attached to a long pole into the water. Even then the spasm occurs every time the line is taken out of the water for an instant; and sometimes it is necessary to apply the remedy many hours before the mind is restored to a tranquil state. Various other symptoms are apparent. The patient has no inclination for ordinary sports and games; he spends much time alone in fondling over fish-hooks, lines, and poles; he eschews meat, and has no appetite for any thing save trout. Nevertheless, he is not morose or selfish; on the contrary, he is remarkably kind and obliging. He asks if you have errands to do; he forestalls your wishes; he is solicitous for your health; and then he mildly inquires what will be the probable state of the weather on some succeeding day. By that you know at once that a fit is approaching; and so strong is this disease that when a crisis is at hand it is considered safer to seek the nearest suitable waters and allow the disordered nerves and muscles full play. So when he hints at a fishing excursion you regard it as a remedial agency, and make no objection.

At least, we did not object when the boy we have in mind asked us. We went with him to be on hand in case of dangerous paroxysms. We went once, twice, many times—often finding trout, and always finding pleasure. Short excursions were rather disdained by our young patient; so one afternoon, about the time country people sit down to the tea-table, we entered a lumbering old stage-coach bound far into the interior of Maine, accompanied by all manner of fishing-traps. A very jolly ride we had, part by sunlight, part by moonlight, and as no other passengers came within the coach, we appropriated all the conveniences it contained. To be sure the roads were fearfully rough; but then the views were bold and grand, and we were going a-trouting. So we laughed, and sung, and planned for the morrow. We had intended to go to the foot of Old Blue, a somewhat noted mountain, nearly 3000 feet high; but when we reached the nearest approach to it on the stage-route, we found no conveyance could be furnished on the next day. So we went on to the little village of P——, where we found excellent accommodations for the night at the hotel.

Next morning our landlord assured us trouting was not so good at Old Blue as a few miles in the opposite direction. So, breakfast over, with a sociable driver and a stout horse and wagon we started for Gold Stream, where, years ago, before it had been christened, many adventurers flocked to search for gold, though few found it. The drive was charming, and the scenery grand. A long ridge of lofty mountains encircled us, and brooks, and streams, and ponds sparkled with the full waters which a shower of the previous day had given. Our guide was chatty, and gave many an anecdote and bit of information. He took special pride in telling of the nine-pounder trout, caught by a New York gentleman a year or two ago in Rangely Lake, which was only about eighteen miles from where we were. This trout was carried to New York in a tank of water, various contrivances being made for its safety and comfort. It was a difficult and expensive undertaking, and when accomplished, the poor thing pined for its native waters and died in a week. In the course of our drive we rode through the bed of the famous "Runaway Pond." The story in brief is this: Nearly a quarter of a century ago this pond was a deep body of water, famed for its trout. Near by ran a stream on which was a valuable saw-mill. One day some mischievous youths cut a deep channel in the bank of the pond toward the mill-stream. The waters, rushing into it, forced their way resistlessly until they cut entirely through into the stream. The whole pond pressed into the channel with amazing force and rapidity, and speedily all the waters had flowed into the mill-stream, producing an immense freshet, destroying the mill, and raising all connecting streams of water in a remarkable manner. Such is popular history of "Runaway Pond." Now a deep, sandy bed, encircled by high banks, is pointed out to the stranger, and furnishes the only obvious proofs of the truth of the story.

But dallying with the scenery, we are forgetting the trout. It is just as well, however, for Gold Stream was so high that morning, in consequence of the shower, that trout would not "bite." So, after reconnoitring the premises, with a view to a future trip, we returned to P—— to dine and rest. The latter part of the afternoon, however, when the waters had fallen somewhat, we went a few miles in another direction, to Dill's Brook, where the trout *did* bite, to their sorrow, but to our patient's great delight. The streams in this vicinity, as well as Rangely Lake, farther up the country, are very popular, and strangers from all parts of the country patronize them. But truth compels us to say that the waters are not healing—our patient is no better, and there is little hope of improvement until cold winter weather comes.

From the South come good reports respecting the cotton crops. A good deal of research has been made, and the result is encouraging. The crop is estimated at about three millions of bales.

Times have changed, and we have changed with them. One hundred years ago a good deacon of New Haven carried an umbrella to church (the first one seen in that place), and a deputation of the brethren were sent to "labor" with him, inasmuch as the use of an umbrella when it rained was thought to be "flying in the face of Providence."

The "big snake" of Tennessee has been almost caught! but, alas for the peace of the community, he has escaped, and is again at large. A trap had been set for him, consisting of an immense box, with its open end placed against the mouth of the hole into which his snakeship retired. He was seen—at least his head was—going into the trap; but the beholder was so terrified that he rushed away at full speed. The next person who ventured near the trap found it lying with one end still in the hole, but the other riven as if struck by lightning, some of the bars of iron being found fully fifty steps off. No one supposed for a moment he would be able to break the immense cage prepared for him: it would have held a lion. So says the Nashville *Banner*. *Latest intelligence.*—The snake has at length been shot by a couple of young men! He measured 29½ feet in length, and his greatest circumference was 30½ inches. He was spotted like a rattlesnake, and a terrible-looking fellow.

The Water Company in Portland are rapidly progressing with their work, and the water from Sebago Lake will be brought into the city by December—a matter of rejoicing to all residents. The main conduit will be six miles in length, and over six thousand feet are already laid. The pipe is shipped from Philadelphia; three cargoes have been received, and the fourth probably will arrive before this paragraph is read. The Company have decided to lay a large brick conduit at the lake end instead of pipe, so that the future wants of the city may be secured. From three to five hundred feet of pipe are laid daily, and every thing possible done to accelerate the enterprise. It is said that the water of Sebago Lake has been proved, by analysis, to be the purest in the known world—only one grain of solid matter being found in fifty-eight thousand grains of water. It can be used for all purposes without distillation.

A Chicago damsel has been brought into court on charge of disorderly conduct. In fact, in a fit of passion because her lover would not have his imperial shaved off to please her, she snatched up a pair of scissors and cut it off herself! The unfortunate man has been suffering for some time under her threat to sue him for breach of promise. He was engaged to her, it was true, but he had mistaken his affections. Nevertheless if he was absent from her for two days there came a note:

"Darling,—If I do not see you in two hours I shall commence the suit. Thy adoring Marion."

Naturally he went. If she wished to go to a concert, and he did not profess a willingness to escort her, there came a note:

"My Own,—The papers are in the hands of a lawyer.
"Faithfully yours."

When the climax of cutting his imperial came, he brought a charge against her. The Judge fined the parties $10 each.

The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, which recently held a Convention in this city, is a charitable organization of Israelites, founded in 1843. This Order is a secret society similar to the Odd Fellows, or Free Masons, but none except Hebrews can become members. Yet it does not pretend to have any special religious purposes, only "to alleviate the wants of the poor and needy, to visit and attend the sick, and to protect and assist the widow and orphan." The Order is divided into 115 lodges, including over 12,000 members. These lodges are organized into five districts, which embrace every State in the Union. It is stated that a great deal in the way of charitable enterprises has been accomplished by the Order of B'nai B'rith.

HON. JAMES BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.

James Brooks was born at Portland, Maine, in 1810. His father was captain and principal owner of a brig in the merchant service. This vessel was lost at sea, and all on board perished. In it was invested all the property of the captain, and his wife was left a widow with three young children—James, the eldest, being less than ten years old. When he reached the age of eleven he was thought capable of earning his own livelihood. He found employment as clerk in a "store" at Lewiston, the agreement being that he should be "kept"—that is, have his board and clothes—until he was twenty-one, and at the end of his term should receive a hogshead of New England rum. Now it happened that Mr. Reynolds, the keeper of that store—for it will be seen that there was another store in Lewiston—besides the multifarious matters that then formed part of the stock in trade of a country store, was the custodian of the town library, which contained, besides a few books on science, Rollin's Ancient History, Goldsmith's Natural History, and the like, one of Scott's novels. Over all these the lad—future editor and Congressman—pored assiduously for two years, getting by heart the novel. At the end of two years young Brooks asked Reynolds to release him from his ten years' contract. The request was granted. The fact was that the sharp lad had a better offer from Mr. Lowel, the keeper of the other Lewiston store. Lowel would give him three months' schooling every year; he should also have the privilege of selling candies upon his own account, and for his own profit. Besides—for Lowel kept a tannery as well as a store—young Brooks might buy raw skins, have them tanned free of charge, and sell the leather for his own profit. So, by one means and another, Brooks made and saved some money. Meanwhile he grew ambitious. He wanted to get an "education." This, in the New England phrase of forty years ago, meant going to college. The lad kept a sort of journal, in which he wrote down, day by day, all his wishes and hopes. This he kept in his desk; but somehow it fell into the hands of good Mr. Lowel. That worthy man saw that in his young clerk there was the making of something more than a dealer in candies and calicoes. He told the boy that he would release him from the contract to remain with him until he was of age; and would, moreover, if necessary, help him to "get an education."

Young Brooks's small savings now stood him in good stead. He had accumulated enough to pay for tuition at Monmouth Academy, besides the charge of a dollar a week for board. After a time he returned to Lewiston, and undertook to teach the district school for ten dollars a month and his board. It was the custom to put up at auction the school-teacher for board, he to be knocked down to the lowest bidder. Brooks was started at a dollar and forty cents a week. But competition was brisk, and the bids ran rapidly down to a dollar, seventy-five cents, fifty cents, and at last, when they reached forty cents a week, the auctioneer's hammer fell, and the teacher was knocked down to a jolly farmer, who looked as though he did not live upon four dimes a week.

"Come, young man," said he, jovially, as they mounted the wagon, "cheek up: let me tell you, a good deal of good eating can be got out of forty cents a week, as you will find out at my house."

Reaching the farm-house, he was ushered into his apartment, which certainly was not at all like the dormitory at Squeers's. Next morning the farmer undertook to demonstrate how he could make money by boarding the teacher well for forty cents a week. He led him to the pig-sty, where a fat porker was poking his nose into the trough so lazily that it was clear that he did not suffer from short commons.

"Do you see that critter? How much do you guess he will cut up?"

Brooks, who had bought many a porker while a clerk, made a very close estimate.

"That's about the mark," said the farmer, with evidently rising admiration. "Now you're a-going to eat him, among other things; and I guess you'll have hard work to eat all your share of him this winter. I saw you looked down in the mouth when you was knocked off to me for forty cents a week; but I'll show you how I can keep you for that, and make money by it too."

He went on to explain that his farm produced almost every thing needed for the family use, with a surplus which was traded off at the store for groceries and the like. The farmer had little use for money, except to pay the taxes; and to produce this tax-money was the destination of the porker. "Now, you see, if I hadn't got you I should have had to kill the hog, take him to Portland, and sell him. This would have taken me and the team three days; and when I got back, besides losing time and trouble, I shouldn't have had more money than I shall get for you. Now all you'll eat won't be more than the whole of that hog. Call that square. Besides, you're a smart young fellow, and can teach the girls their lessons evenings. That 'll be clear profit. So I shall get my money's worth out of you, don't you fear. Come along and see if I can't do this, and not starve you either."

That winter was a pleasant and profitable one for the young teacher. He taught and went through the studies preparatory for college; and one evening in a week read aloud the newspaper to his host, and thus really began his training for his future profession of journalist and politician.

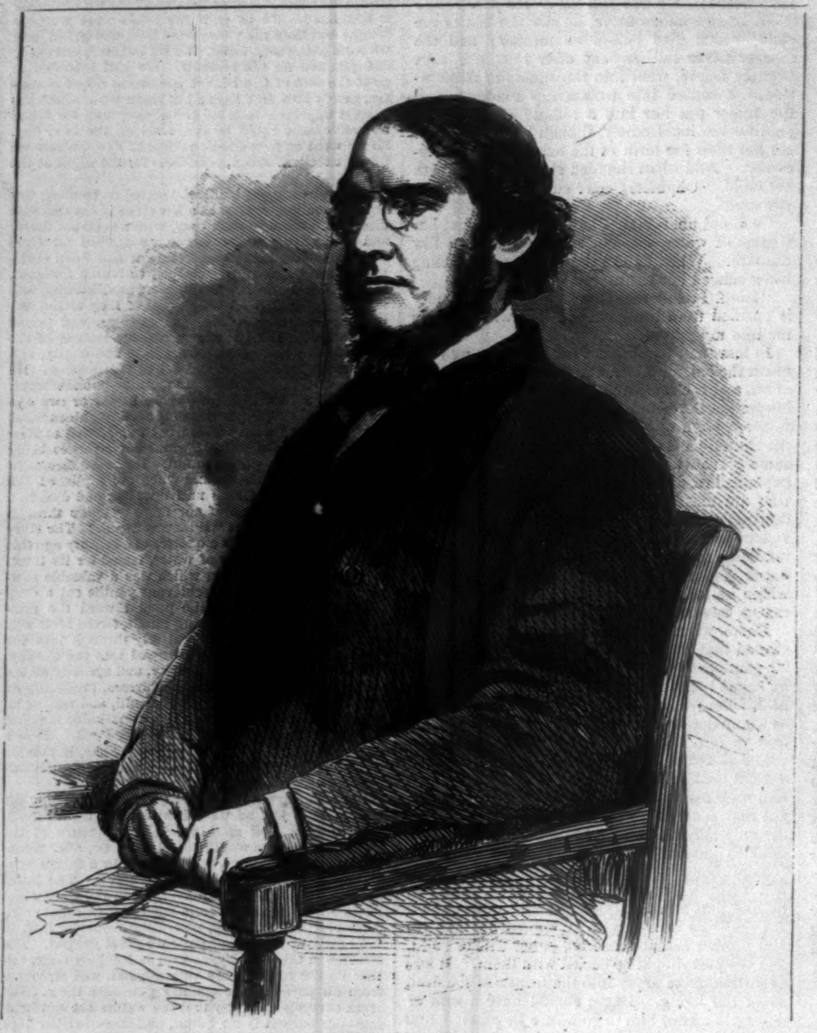
In the spring he found himself "ready for college," with sufficient money, added to what he could earn in vacations, to pay his expenses in a frugal way. He, in fact, kept at the head of his class; so that when his Sophomore year should have begun he asked to be examined for admission to the Junior class. The request was rather reluctantly acceded to; but the examination was satisfactory, and he was admitted to the Junior class, so that his course at Waterville College lasted three years instead of the regular four.

Having graduated at eighteen, second in his class, he returned to his mother's at Portland, having just ninety cents in his pocket. He must find something to do at once. A man who can do any thing that needs to be done need hardly look for work. A teacher was wanted for a Latin school in Portland. **Brooks** gained the appointment, with a salary of five hundred dollars—a fair income then and there for a young man. Besides teaching he began the study of law, entering the office of **John Neal**, a man not unknown to fame as lawyer and author.

During his last year at college he had begun to write for the local newspapers—without pay, of course. The Portland *Advertiser* was then the leading newspaper of Maine. **Brooks** began to send anonymous papers to this journal. The editor soon found that these articles were the most attractive things in his paper. He sought out his anonymous contributor, and engaged him to write regularly at a salary of five hundred dollars. For two years **Brooks** kept up his threefold occupation of teacher, law student, and journalist. But the last, as almost always happens, at length absorbed him wholly, and he gave all his time to the *Advertiser*, saving that he also took up the kindred function of political speaker. He became popular at once, and in his twenty-first year was elected member of the State Legislature from his native city of Portland—still, however, keeping up his connection with the newspaper, for which, next year, he went to Washington as its correspondent from the capital and the South. His Southern letters were noted for their strenuous opposition to the system of slavery. Thence he went to Europe as correspondent, traveling on foot and describing what he saw.

Returning to America he received propositions to undertake the establishment of a daily newspaper, to be called the *New York Express*—**Brooks** to furnish brains, and others cash. Before the engagement was consummated he was nominated as Member of Congress from the Portland district. He preferred Congress to the *Express*. The district was then strongly Democratic, while **Brooks** was a Whig. There were three candidates—**Brooks**, **Smith**, and **Dun**. Two trials were made, neither candidate having a majority. On the third **Dun** withdrew, and F. O. J. **Smith** was elected by a close vote.

The *Express* enterprise was then resumed, and the paper was started. But the men who had undertaken to furnish the capital failed to meet their engagement, and the whole burden fell upon **Brooks**. The editor-in-chief undertook and performed the work of three men. Finally, the *Express* having been united with another paper, it gained a firm footing. **Brooks**, who had been elected to the New York Legislature, also became one of the most popular stump speakers during the **Harrison** campaign for the Presidency. In 1847 he married a lady of Virginia who was the owner of a few slaves, but the bridegroom insisted that these should be manumitted before the marriage took place.


HON. JAMES BROOKS, OF NEW YORK.—[Photographed by Brady & Co.]

In 1849 he was elected Member of Congress; and was re-elected in 1851. In 1853 he returned to the active management of the *Express*, making, however, another extended tour in Europe.

Of his more recent political course we give only the bare outline. When the election for the Thirty-eighth Congress approached the country was convulsed with the war excitement. **Brooks**, who had all along belonged to the Whig party, refused to go with its successor, the Republican party, and presenting himself as an independent candidate for Congress, was elected—the Democratic candidate retiring in his favor. He ran for the Thirty-ninth Congress, received the certificate of election, and took his seat. This was contested by his Republican opponent, in whose favor the case was decided by the House near the close of the session. He was nominated for the next Congress, and elected by a large and undisputed majority. He took his seat, singularly enough protesting against the constitutionality of the House. He must now be considered as the undisputed leader of the Democratic party in the House of Representatives.

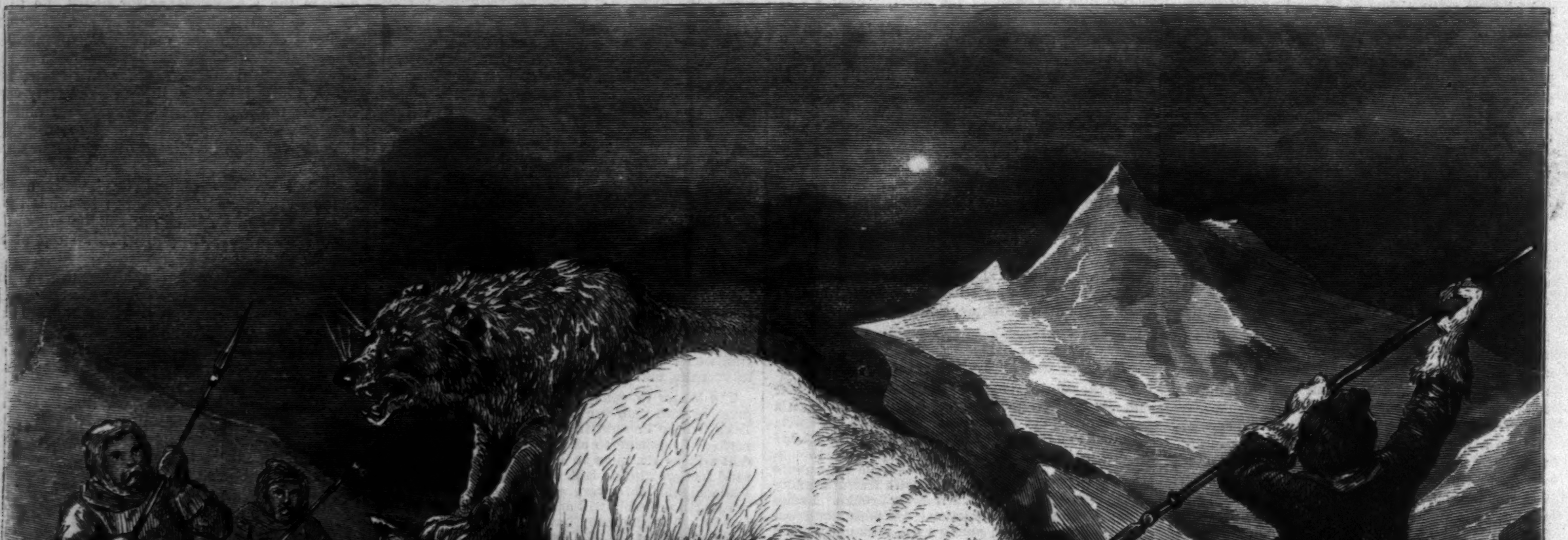
POLAR BEAR HUNTING.

The Polar Bear is the largest, strongest, most powerful, and, next to the grizzly, the most ferocious of the five species. Its distinguishing characteristics are, great length of body and neck, the smallness of its ears, largeness of the soles of its feet, fineness and length of hair, and the narrowness of the head. It is invariably of a dingy white hue. Some have been seen which were eight feet long, and others have been captured which weighed 1500 pounds. Their size and strength and ferocity make them very dangerous to hunt, and the chase of them, by the Esquimaux and others, with dogs, and armed with lances or pikes, as in our illustration, is full of excitement and incident.

THE LATE EMANUEL LEUTZE.

Leutze, the artist, died of sun-stroke in Washington City on July 18, aged 52 years. His great ability as an artist had long been recognized, and he had for many years ranked among the first of American painters.

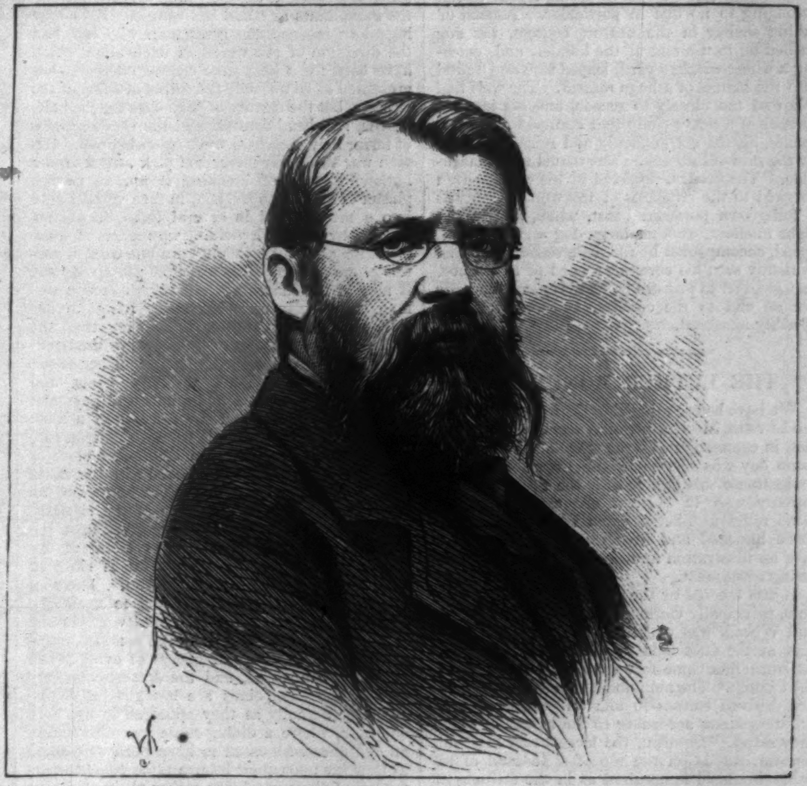
He was a native of Germany, but his parents brought him to this country when he was in his infancy, and settled at Philadelphia. His first efforts at drawing were made while at the sick bed of his father, and the pencil was originally taken up merely to beguile the time. His first real success in painting was made in 1840, with


HUNTING THE POLAR BEAR.

his "Indian Gazing at the Setting Sun." He made considerable money off this and a few other works, which had been ordered on the heels of his success, and in 1841 he carried out his long projected design of going to Dusseldorf to study under KARL LESSING, then the chief of the Dusseldorf School of Art, and from whom LEUTZE adopted the style of hard outline and defective coloring peculiar to the school, and which a subsequent residence of study at Venice in a school of art distinguished for its voluptuousness of color could not wholly eradicate. He remained in Europe, engaged in painting, until 1859, when he returned to this country.

His first work in Europe, "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," was purchased by the Dusseldorf Art Union; as was also a subsequent work representing COLUMBUS in chains. The latter was subsequently brought to this country.

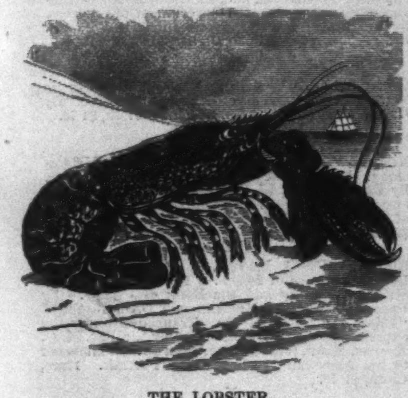
The best known of LEUTZE's pictures are those illustrating American history, and the large painting in the Capitol, entitled, "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way." His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" has been frequently engraved, and is familiar to every school-boy. "Washington at Monmouth," "News from Lexington," "Sergeant Jasper," and "Washington at Princeton," are among his most popular works.


THE LATE EMANUEL LEUTZE, THE ARTIST.—[PHOT. BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

A LOBSTER FACTORY.

WE lately gave an account in the *Weekly* of "A New Jersey Fish Farm," showing how trout were "manufactured" for market. We present our readers in this issue with an illustrated account of one of the many lobster factories which are to be found on the Atlantic coast of Maine. The particular establishment herein described is at Oceanville, Deer Island, in Isle Haul Bay; and the account and illustrations will indicate pretty clearly to the reader the *modus operandi* of catching and preparing this most important of the very extensive shell-fish family for market.

Lobsters are found in almost all the salt waters of the globe; but, like many other fish, they thrive better *in*, and are the finest flavored when taken *out* of, the waters of the more northern latitudes. The name of the animal is derived from a word signifying *leaper*, and was doubtless suggested by the manner in which it moves through the water by short leaps. It swims backward, its propelling power being in the tail, which it draws by a quick, forcible motion toward its body. It has no difficulty in directing its course accurately, as its eyes project from the head, and can be freely turned so as to see backward as well as in front. Lobsters go in schools, having male leaders which are the largest and strongest of the school, and which maintain their supremacy by superior force. The older leaders when taken are often found to be covered with scars received from frequent and fierce conflicts for the championship. The lobster casts his shell annually, retiring for a short time to some sheltered place until the new shell hardens sufficiently to allow it to leave its retreat. During this time (May to June and July) it is said to be "sick," and is unfit for market. While "sick" it is very liable to be attacked by other fish; and when it is at all incautious and venturesome is not unfrequently slowly devoured, inch by inch, by worms, crabs, and even fellow-lobsters. Its claws are possessed of immense power, and these it uses to crush its enemies, and to prepare and hold its food. When wounded in these useful members it casts them off almost instantly, detaching them at the joint, and in a short time new ones sprout out and take the place of the old ones, so that it is not uncommon to find a very large lobster with claws not over an inch in length, or with only one.


THE LOBSTER.

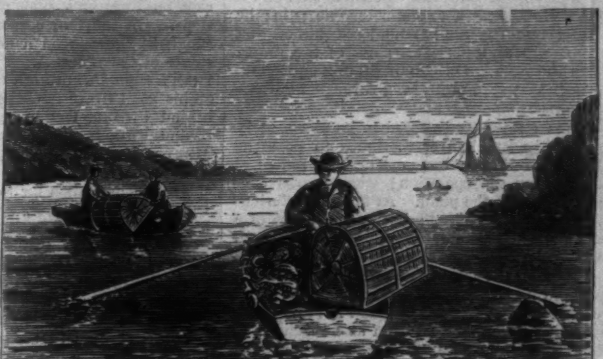
The "ova," or spawn, of the lobster are beads of a brilliant red when boiled, and are carried under the tail of the female, which is always called a "hen" lobster. The spawn is familiarly spoken of as the "coral," and is used in making lobster sauce, to give it that pink, inviting appearance which epicures esteem a *sine quâ non* in its preparation for the table. Lobsters, until boiled, are of a beautiful blue-black hue, which turns, as is well known, to a brilliant scarlet in boiling water. The "hen," or female lobster, is broader in the tail part than the "cock" lobster, and she is more prized on account, as above mentioned, of her furnishing gourmands with the coloring matter to the sauce which accompanies their salmon or turbot.

The lobster can be magnetized, and it is a feat frequently performed by old sailors for the edification and astonishment of the verdant. This is accomplished by gently stroking the lobster from the head to the tail with the hand, when it becomes passive, and, if stood on its head, will remain so for some minutes motionless with its tail in the air.

The fishing season begins as soon as the lobster has left his "sick bed," and, with his new shell, put on new vigor. The fishermen then flock to the lobster-grounds in Penobscot Bay and put down their traps by thousands. The usual method of taking them is by using peculiarly shaped nets called "pots," which are, in fact, a sort of basket stretched on hoops and covered over with netting. In the netting a circular hole is made for the ingress of the lobster (on the same principle as that in a wire mouse-trap), so that, having once found his way into the net, the imprisoned shell-fish is unable to recede. These "pots" are baited with dead fish or offal. Fish, however, are always to be preferred, and the fresher the better, as lobsters are choice in this respect, and will often decline to be enticed by a stale bait. The "pots" are sunk by means of heavy stones fastened to their hoops. Small ropes attach the "pots" to a line of floating corks on the surface of the water. They are sunk just below low-water-mark, as lobsters never travel far from the inshore rocks, which furnish them with their food. As the tide flows in the lobsters creep in with it, nearer and nearer to the shore, in search of food, and are then attracted by the sight or smell of the bait in the "pots" set to catch them. All sea-fish feed on the flood-tide, and hence, as soon as the ebb has turned, and the tide begins to flow inward, there is a general bustle and stir among the inhabitants of the salt water.

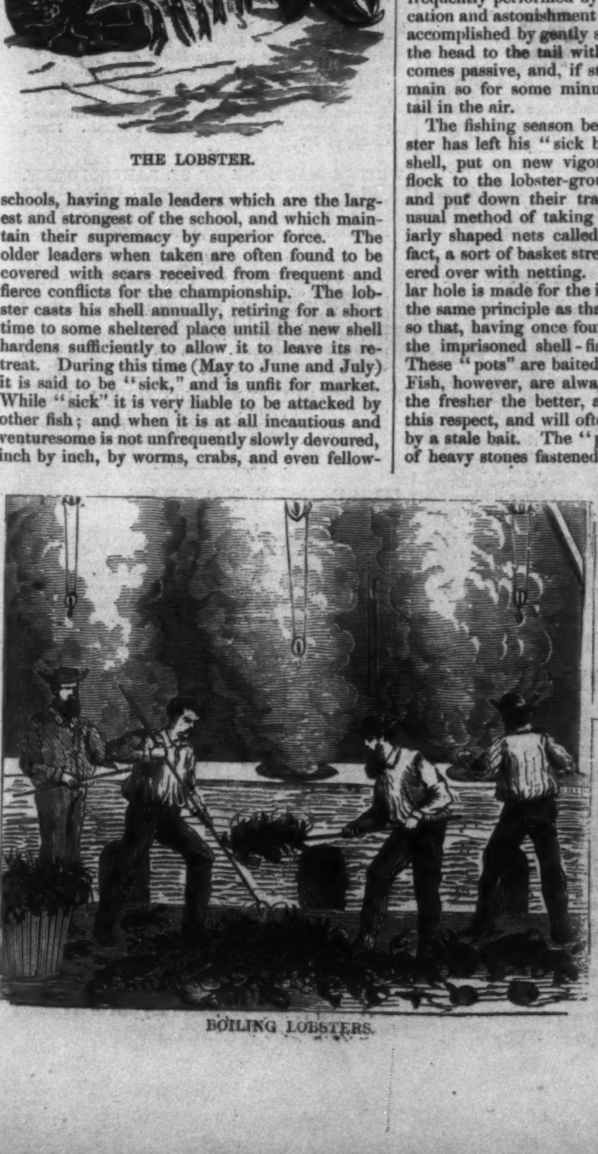
A trap is estimated to average a catch of two lobsters a day through the season; and when it is considered that the lobster-grounds of Maine furnish at a moderate estimate sixty thousand lobsters a day, some idea of the extent of the business may be realized. Nearly all the lobsters which are sold fresh in the Boston and New York markets are taken from these grounds, being transported in smacks or small vessels having wells or spaces in their holds which allow a constant flow of water through them. This is necessary, as the lobster soon dies if the water becomes foul.

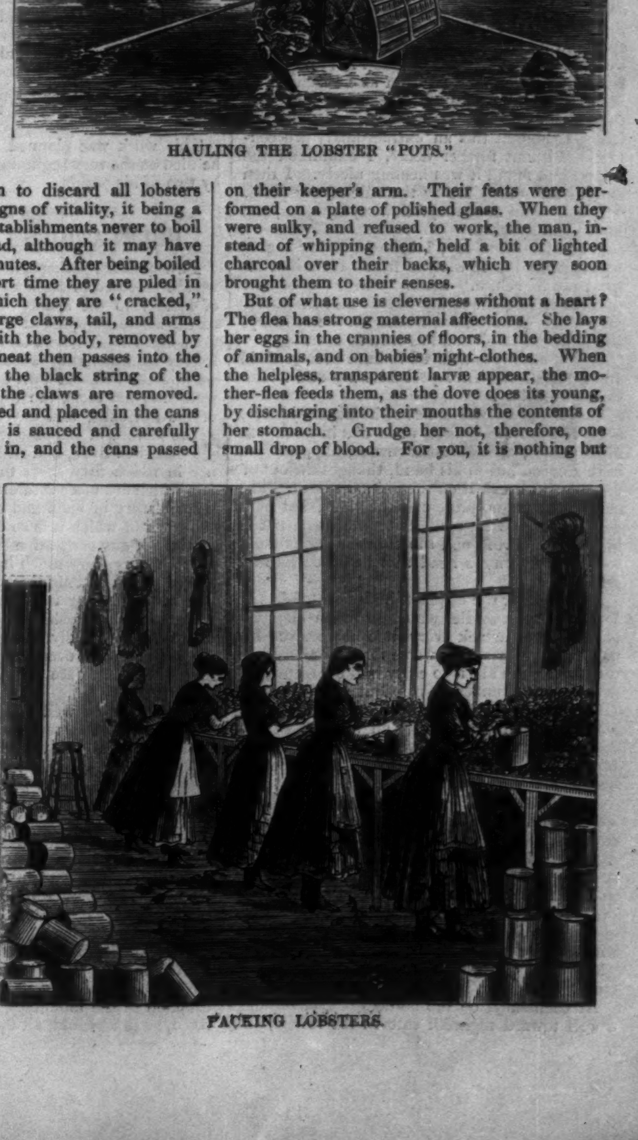
But the larger portion of the catch is put into cans and hermetically sealed, and in this form goes to all portions of the globe, civilized and uncivilized. When caught the lobsters are "plugged" and "carred" by the fisherman—that is, small plugs are inserted between the joints of the claws so that the lobsters can not open them to crush their neighbors; and they are put into large racks called "cars," and moored in clear water.


HAULING THE LOBSTER "POTS."

From the "cars" the lobsters which are intended for packing are conveyed ashore to the boiling-room of the factory and placed in kettles alive, great care being taken to discard all lobsters which do not exhibit signs of vitality, it being a point with first-class establishments never to boil a lobster after it is dead, although it may have been dead but a few minutes. After being boiled in sea-water for a short time they are piled in racks to cool, after which they are "cracked," and the meat of the large claws, tail, and arms connecting the claws with the body, removed by men and girls. The meat then passes into the "filling-room," where the black string of the tail and the bone of the claws are removed. The meat is then washed and placed in the cans by girls, after which it is sauced and carefully weighed, the cover put in, and the cans passed to the solderers, who solder in the covers with the greatest care. The cans are then taken to the "bath-room" and placed in square pans holding each about one hundred one-pound cans. These pans when full are placed in large tanks of boiling water and boiled until the air in the cans has expanded so as to cause the ends to bulge out, when they are punctured and the air allowed to escape. The hole is then immediately stopped with a drop of solder, and they are replaced in the bath to complete the process. With the greatest care some cans will leak, and in the best establishments these are thrown out or opened and refilled with fresh meat, as a "third run" (or third bath) greatly injures the quality of the meat. After the bath the cans are removed to the "labeling-room," where, after cooling and the ends collapsing, they are inspected by sounding each can with a bit of iron to ascertain if the exhaust is perfect. This done, and imperfect cans removed, they are scoured in saw-dust by girls and then painted, as they would otherwise rust on long voyages. When dry they are labeled and placed in wooden boxes containing from two to four dozen cans each, and after being properly stenciled are ready for shipment.

In the establishment at Oceanville, where is packed a famous lobster known the world over as the "star lobster," and which is conducted by the Portland Packing Company (said to be the largest packing establishment in the world, carrying on nine different establishments), about three thousand cans per day are turned out, requiring about five thousand lobsters to fill them. The lobsters go into the cans in a perfectly fresh state; and years after, when opened, are found to be as fresh as when just taken from the shell, and far superior to many of the lobsters which are sold in the shell in our markets, and *cheaper*—the cost of transporting alive more than counterbalancing the cost of cans and sealing.


BOILING LOBSTERS.


PACKING LOBSTERS.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW champion for the Intelligence of Animals, M. Ernest Menault, has revived the discussion in a book full of facts and inferences which, if not all new, are all to the point. Without admitting that humans are the issue of quadrumans, he believes with Lactantius that animals possess in a certain measure the faculties of men, and that our inferior brethren, as St. Francis d'Assisi calls them, preceded us on earth, and were our first instructors. We take an example or two of what the smallest and the dullest of them, as well as the biggest and cleverest—fleas and fish as well as elephants—can do.

There were Industrious Fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer (who died in 1452) saw with his own eyes, for sixpence, in the Place de la Bourse, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage; with a third flea, holding a whip, on the box for coachman. Another pair dragged a cannon. The flea-horses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived in this way two years and a half, without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their feats were performed on a plate of polished glass. When they were sulky, and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

But of what use is cleverness without a heart? The flea has strong maternal affections. She lays her eggs in the crannies of floors, in the bedding of animals, and on babies' night-clothes. When the helpless, transparent larvæ appear, the mother-flea feeds them, as the dove does its young, by discharging into their mouths the contents of her stomach. Grudge her not, therefore, one small drop of blood. For you, it is nothing but a flea-bite; for her, it is the life of her beloved offspring!

While pleading, however, for the flea we can not do as much for the bug, though he is gifted with fuller developed intelligence. An inquisitive gentleman, wishing to know how the bug became aware of a human presence, tried the following experiment. He got into a bed suspended from the ceiling, without any tester, in the middle of an unfurnished room. He then placed on the floor a bug, who, guided probably by smell, pondered the means of reaching the bed. After deep reflection he climbed up the wall, traveled straight across the ceiling to the spot immediately over the bed, and then dropped plump on the observer's nose. Was this, or was it not, an act of intelligence?

The Fish belongs to the great Flathead family. The same sort of platitude which you see in his person doubtless extends to the whole of his character. You have met him somewhere in human shape—one of those pale-faced, wishy-washy gentlemen, whose passions have extinguished all heart and feeling. You often find them in diplomatic regions, and can't tell whether they are fish or flesh. But if their mental powers are less developed, their term of existence is more extended. They gain in longevity what they lose in warmth of temperament.

Nevertheless, the skill with which the stickleback constructs his nest is now a matter of natural history. Other fishes display an address which *we* acquire only by long and constant practice. One fellow, with a muzzle prolonged into a long narrow tube (which he uses as a pop-gun), prowls about the banks of tidal rivers. On spying a fly on the water-weeds he slyly swims up till he gets within five or six feet of it. He then shoots it with water from his proboscis, never failing to bring down his game. A governor of the hospital at Batavia, doubting the fact, though attested by credible witnesses, procured some of these fish, to watch their pranks. He stuck a fly on a pin at the end of a stick, and placed it so as to attract their notice. To his great delight they shot it with their water-guns, for which he rewarded them with a treat of insects.

The pike has proved himself not only intelligent, but even capable—disbelieve it who will—of gratitude.

"While living at Durham," says Dr. Warwick, "I took a walk one evening in Lord Stamford's park. On reaching a pond in which fish were kept ready for use, I observed a fine pike of some six pounds' weight. At my approach he darted away like an arrow. In his hurry he knocked his head against an iron hook fixed in a post in the water, fracturing his skull and injuring the optic nerve on one side of his head. He appeared to suffer terrible pain; he plunged into the mud, floundered hither and thither, and at last, leaping out of the water, fell on the bank. On examination a portion of the brain was seen protruding through the fractured skull.

"This I carefully restored to its place, making use of a small silver toothpick to raise the splinters of broken bone. The fish remained quiet during the operation; when it was over he plunged into the pond. At first his sufferings appeared to be relieved; but in the course of a few minutes he began rushing right and left until he again leaped out of the water.

"I called the keeper, and with his assistance applied a bandage to the fracture. That done, we restored him to the pond and left him to his fate. Next morning, as soon as I reached the water's edge, the pike swam to meet me quite close to the bank, and laid his head upon my feet. I thought this an extraordinary proceeding. Without further delay, I examined the wound and found it was healing nicely. I then strolled for some time by the side of the pond. The fish swam after me, following my steps, and turning as I turned.

"The following day, I brought a few young friends with me to see the fish. He swam toward me as before. Little by little he became so tame as to come to my whistle and eat out of my hand. With other persons, on the contrary, he continued as shy and as wild as ever."

This anecdote is averred to have been read, in 1850, before the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society.

The elephant, with a sort of humorous justice, is given to return injuries or insults in kind. In Madagascar, an elephant's cornac, happening to have a cocoa-nut in his hand, thought fit, out of bravado, to break it on the animal's head. The elephant made no protest at the time; but next day, passing a fruit-stall, he took a cocoa-nut in his trunk and returned the cornac's compliment so vigorously on *his* head that he killed him on the spot.

If vindictive, the elephant is also grateful. At Pondicherry, a soldier who treated an elephant to a dram of arrack every time he received his pay, found himself the worse for liquor. When the guard were about to carry him off to prison, he took refuge under the elephant and fell asleep. His protector would allow no one to approach, and watched him carefully all night. In the morning, after caressing with his trunk, he dismissed him to settle with the authorities as he best could.

Both revenge and gratitude imply intelligence; still more does the application of an unforeseen expedient. A train of artillery going to Seringapatam, had to cross the shingly bed of a river. A man who was sitting on a gun-carriage, fell; in another second the wheel would have passed over his body. An elephant walking by the side of the carriage saw the danger, and instantly, without any order from his keeper, lifted the wheel from the ground, leaving the fallen man uninjured.

At Clemency, on the borders of Switzerland, a wolf toward nightfall entered the village, and immediately gave chase to a small gray terrier belonging to no one in particular. Instead of taking shelter in the nearest cottage, the dog rushed on to the end of the hamlet, and, entering a wheel-wright's yard, leaped safe and sound into the kennel of a huge mastiff. The wolf had followed too closely to recede, and the mastiff, in spite of a heavy chain that cramped his movements, darted out suddenly and seized the wolf by the skin of the back. The sequel was remarkable. The mastiff, impeded by his chain, began to yield to the struggles of the wolf, which was a full-grown powerful beast, when, just at the right moment, another large dog arrived at full speed, accompanied by the little terrier, who had evidently seen his comrade's need of assistance, and gone off to procure it. This unexpected ally put an end to the conflict, and the wolf was speedily mastered.

THE LUTHER MONUMENT.

We have before alluded to the inauguration of the Luther Monument at Worms, on June 25th last, in connection with the singular fact that the same day was chosen by the Pope for the promulgation of his bull against the Protestant Reformers who in Austria are establishing the same religious liberty which Luther preached three hundred and fifty years ago. We now give an illustration and description of this interesting monument.

It was erected by the subscriptions of Protestants, principally German Protestants, of course; and Worms was chosen as the site, because it was at the Diet held in that city in 1521 that Luther first came forward as the reformer of the Church. The monument is in bronze. There are thirteen statues in all; all colossal, but of different sizes, according to the height at which they stand. Luther, the largest and most important, stands on the top of a pedestal of his own; his head is upraised as in the attitude of speech; his closed right hand rests on the Bible held in his left. Even so he must have looked as he uttered those famous closing words of his speech at the Diet of Worms—words fitly inscribed on the pedestal whereon he stands: "Here I stand: I can not do otherwise. God be my helper. Amen."

At each corner of Luther's pedestal sits one of his precursors in the work of Reformation—each chosen from a different country, to show that the work was not begun by Luther, but was rather the protest of Christendom against error. These four statues are Petrus Waldus, Wickliffe, Huss, and Savonarola. These five statues are the heart of the monument, and are to be surrounded by a stone balustrade, except on Luther's side, where there are to be steps. On the four corners of this wall are to stand, like towers on a castle, the four corner-stones of the Reformation in Germany: on Luther's right Frederick the Wise, of Saxony; on his left Philip the Magnanimous, of Hesse; behind Philip, Reuchlin, the humanist; and behind Frederick the thoughtful and modest Melanchthon.

Between these corners will come, on three sides, high pedestals for three sitting symbolical female figures—Spires, Augsburg, and Magdeburg. Spires, because there the Reformers first took the name of Protestants; Augsburg, because of the Confession; and Magdeburg, the witness unto blood for the new Church, sitting sorrowful, with bowed head and broken sword. The pedestal is to bear certain portrait medallions and bass-reliefs, and on the coping of the walls are to be the heraldic bearings of thirty different states and cities.

This work was planned by Rietschel; but he died at the very beginning, and it was finished by two of his pupils.

REVELATIONS OF POMPEII.

Few persons, perhaps, are aware of how much we are indebted in the matter of the preservation of history to the spade. By digging into the earth, where glimpses of the life of past generations have been stored and preserved almost as freshly as when they were deposited ages ago, we now see with our own eyes the domestic implements, the tools, the toys, and the buildings of the ancients; and day by day we are filling in the picture of the past with the veritable people that then lived, and with details of the manner in which they spent their daily lives—matters which are more interesting, after all, than a mere history of wars and great political events, the truth of which it is so difficult to gain in the lifetime of any generation. Even with regard to Bible history, how much have we learned of the sacred places of Palestine by means of the excavations now being carried on by the committee under the secretaryship of Mr. Grove! As these discoveries are daily brought to light by means of photography, every subscriber to the fund might be said to see with the eyes of the actual discoverers.

It is, perhaps, well that the earth has buried for centuries the remains of the buildings in which these events occurred. Had they been exposed to the weather in past times, art would not have been able to preserve and repeat infinitely what the spade has discovered. In the same way the domestic life of the beautiful city that was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius long before the sacred events we have mentioned is now presented to us in the museum at Naples. Here we may gather the condition of the city, the ways of its people, their very attitudes in that scene of terror, as well as we could tell the routine of Parisian life fifty years ago. It will be remembered that the city of Pompeii was destroyed by the dust and ashes and gases from an eruption of the mountain, which fell softly, and fixed, as in a mould, all the inanimate objects as they then stood in the city, and, indeed, such of the inhabitants as could not escape. By a very ingenious method the gentleman who has had the direction of the works of excavation which have been for a long time carried on there, has presented to us not only the forms of some of the citizens, but the texture of their dresses, the hair, beards, and head-dresses, and the very attitudes of terror they presented when overwhelmed. His plan was this: Wherever the pick struck into a hollow, instead of breaking it up, he poured plaster of Paris into it—just, in fact, as he would into a mould—and in several cases he was rewarded by the earth yielding up models of some of its long-perished people. In one case, a perfect group of Pompeians was thus preserved, and is now in the museum. Among these is a woman, apparently of noble birth, lying on her side, with limbs contracted, showing that she had died in convulsions. The form of the head-dress is preserved, and the texture of her robe; the rings still remained on the finger-bones, and not far from her was found a bunch of keys and some silver money, and the remains of a linen bag. A servant lay beside her with an iron ring upon her hand; and in an apartment close at hand a young girl was discovered with her skirts thrown over her head to protect her from the falling pumice-stone. In some of the vintners' shops the wine-stains are yet preserved upon the counters, and where a wall was found in the course of being built, the mortar is close at hand and the tools of the mason. There is something inexpressibly touching to us in the discovery of this object, destroyed while in the act of being constructed. In the museum specimens of the furniture of houses of every grade of society are stored, and the domestic belongings of the Pompeians are brought before the spectator actually as they appeared in life. In one case, where a dining-room was discovered, all the guests appeared to have been suffocated as they lay upon their bronze table couches partaking of their meal—or rather their skeletons did. All the furniture was found preserved in the most perfect manner; even the dishes, with some remnants of food, remained. The oven of a baker, with the loaves remaining in it, was also found; and it is an evidence of the conservative habits of the people of the country that the form they retained was exactly the same as that in which they are fashioned to this day at Palermo and neighboring cities. Possibly we shall never see such a perfect resurrection of a long past civilization as in the case of Pompeii, for the reason that the conditions of its destruction were the means of its preservation even to the minutest details, which we can only liken to the wondrous preservation, even to the scales of fishes, of a pre-Adamite world continually being found in geological formations.

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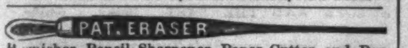

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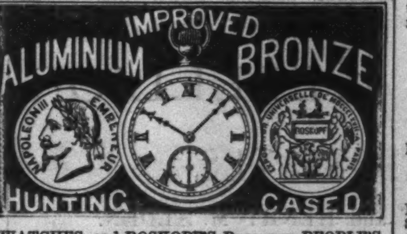

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